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SIXPENCE.
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BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY: MISS KATE SAVILE-CLARKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

"A COMEDY OF SIGHS," AT THE AVENUE.

DR. TODHUNTER, ITS AUTHOR.

Dr. John Todhunter lives in that portion of Bedford Park which is called the Orchard, and his house bears the delightful name of Orchardcroft. Many of the Bedford Park houses are ideally pretty, but in too many of them one has to avert one's eyes from the window, whence one catches a dreary view of brickfields, to rest them on the pretty colouring and quaint effects within doors. Orchardcroft, however, in no aspect upon which it looks, does discredit to its country name. The almonds, which make a London March beautiful, are in full blow in Bedford Park, a drift of delicate purple-pink against the low house-fronts: seeing them, one realises the great beauty of blossoms in detail without the crowding of leaves, a beauty to which, so far, the Eastern world has shown itself more sensitive than the West. Dr. Todhunter's study window, an oriel, long and low, looks over a succession of gardens, on the fruit-trees of which the hard buds that will presently break in rose and white are forming. When the leaves come in the garden of Orchardcroft and its neighbours that study window will look into boughs, and London seem far away. Dr. Todhunter in his study is well secluded from even the quiet thoroughfares of Bedford Park, and the terrible street-organ can only send him its jarring message muffled and indistinct.

The study walls are in warm colours of dull red. The oriel, hung with blue draperies; the pot of white narcissus; the high wooden mantel; the fireplace, with its old blue tiles; pictures and books and writing materials—the room had the indefinable look of refinement and high thinking which no planned-out effects can produce. Dr. Todhunter's handsome grey head, the head at once of the poet and the student, is well in place with the quiet surroundings. The one eccentric thing in the room was Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's strange poster announcing Dr. Todhunter's new play at the Avenue to-morrow: a lady, who is a mixture of Madame Chrysanthème and the daughter of Herodias as Mr. Beardsley imagined her, peering through a Japanese curtain of green discs on an indigo ground. What this great-shouldered, slanting-eyed person has to do with "A Comedy of Sighs" it is not easy to see.

Dr. Todhunter's evolution towards writing modern drama for the modern stage has been gradual. It is eight years ago since "Helena in Troas," an attempt to revive ancient Greek drama, was put on the stage at Hengler's Circus, altered so as to represent the Greek arrangement of Proscenium, Orchestra, and Thymele. In this heroic attempt Dr. Todhunter had the splendid co-operation of the late Mr. E. W. Godwin, and in the latter weeks of May, 1886, this Greek theatre in London made a new sensation for fashionable and artistic circles. Mr. Hermann Vezin was the Priam, Mr. Beerbohm Tree the Paris, Mrs. Tree the Enone, and Miss Alma Murray the Helena. The play was for the benefit of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, and was produced under the special patronage of the Prince of Wales. The experiment was an artistic success, fulfilling the aim of its promoters. Four years later, Dr. Todhunter produced at Bedford Park another poetical play, "A Sicilian Idyl," and a year later "The Poison Flower." The shepherdesses of the "Sicilian Idyl" were Miss Florence Farr and Miss Lily Linfield. Under the management of the former, "A Comedy of Sighs" will be produced, and she will be the Lady Brandon of the piece.

These poetical plays of Dr. Todhunter make exquisite reading for the study. The imagination in them is one steeped in delicate fantasy and glowing with soft colour; the diction rich and musical, the feeling finely impassioned. The "Idyl" had the very warm airs of Theocritus breathing from its pages, though it had the lofty purity and dignity of Grecian art superadded. Dr. Todhunter, however, does not believe that the poetical drama has much chance of success at present on the English stage; but the time for it is coming.

"Do you believe," I ask, "that Ibsen will ever take a strong hold on the British stage?"

"I do not," he replies, "while the atmosphere of his plays is as sordid as it is at present." Dr. Todhunter admires Ibsen greatly, but believes that he teaches too much by the method of a cynical exposure of the effects of our sins and follies: this as regards plays like "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," and "Hedda Gabler." For his poetical drama, like "The Vikings," he has unqualified admiration.

"But," I suggest, "if the stage requires purging and elevation, why not revive the Elizabethan drama?"

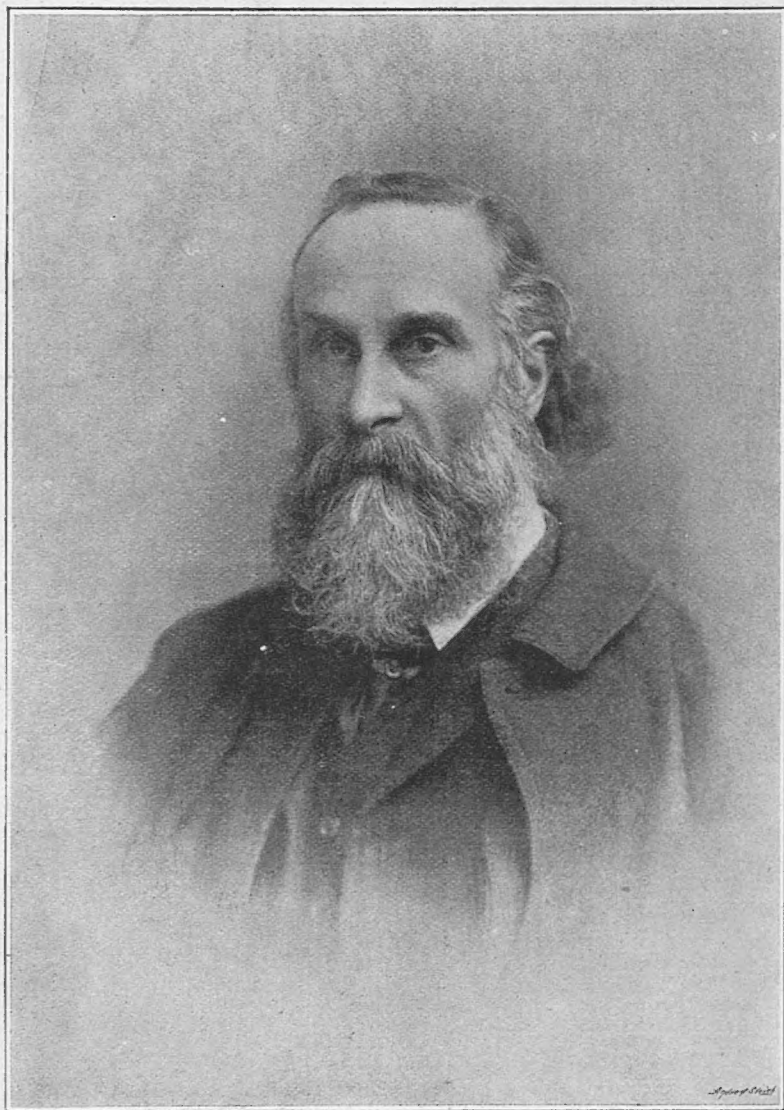
"It is usually," he says, "impracticable, because of the rapid changes of scenery and the like, which are quite unsuited to the modern stage. They had simpler tastes then, and could imagine a change of scenery where the modern audience would require the actual thing."

He then goes on to describe a play he once saw by accident in the courtyard of an Italian inn, with no more accessories than courtyard and gallery afforded. The Italians are the children of the world, and can make-believe after the happy fashion of childhood.

Dr. Todhunter has so far allowed the dramatist to take, for the time being, precedence of the poet in him that he objects to the phrase I used of "literary drama." "The things are not in common," he said; "the requisite and inevitable thing in a play is not that it should read well, but that it should be dramatic."

"When are we to see 'The Black Cat?'" I ask—"those of us who were cut off from being of its limited audience at the Independent Theatre?" But no definite arrangements have yet been made for placing this brilliant play before the general public.

Dr. Todhunter's life in London and his studies of many dramatic forms have not made him cosmopolitan. Your true Irishman does not take kindly to cosmopolitanism any more than to democracy, which are, to some extent, identical. So Dr. Todhunter's wholesome ambition is to write an Irish play, but the difficulty is to get Irish actors. Curiously enough, our versatile nation seems to give us no actors nowadays, except of the very inferior and comic sort. Dr. Todhunter sighs over Shiel Barry, who in the solitary character of the Miser in "Les Cloches de Corneville" proved himself a genius. "I had an Irishman," he says sadly, "in 'The Black Cat.' The young actor who played him did the brogue admirably for an Englishman; but I cannot put an Irish play on the stage with an English cast." He recalls Boucicault's "Shaughraun" and the wake



DR. TODHUNTER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

scene, with a troop of Englishwomen painfully essaying the "keeners" by the dead—a most deplorable exhibition.

Perhaps the necessity and the broad publicity of *The Sketch* may bring forth the actor and the actress.

Looking at Dr. Todhunter's books, I notice that in his favourite bookshelves poetry largely predominates. I fear if we gain a successful playwright in him we will lose a very true poet. His finding his way to his medium in poetry was as slow as his dramatic development. His book of Irish poems published three or four years ago seemed to me to contain his strongest work. One fierce and splendid ballad, "Aghadoe," is sure of immortality, if only among the mere Irish. Dr. Todhunter's first book was called "Laurella, and Other Poems." For it he has now the impatient coldness which most of us will recognise as our feeling towards thoughts which have long ceased to be part of us. Much of "Laurella" was written while he was yet a student at the Silent Sister—Trinity College, Dublin. Trinity has been very silent as regards poetry, and one is glad to identify some of Dr. Todhunter's dreamy poetical work with the stiff squares and unlovely buildings of Dublin University. One poem, "In a Gondola," which Thackeray published in *Cornhill* in the great days of his editorship, was written in the College Park.

Dr. Todhunter's play, to-morrow, will be preceded by Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire," so the occasion will be momentous both for lovers of poetry and the drama.

"A COMEDY OF SIGHS," AT THE AVENUE.

MISS FLORENCE FARR, ITS PRODUCER.

After mounting countless steps, I found Miss Farr (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) on a level with the gods, in a cosy little business-room, whose one bull's-eye window affords a splendid view of the Embankment, Westminster Bridge, and the Clock Tower.

The latest recruit to the world of London theatrical managers was sitting at a workmanlike table, studying the rough proof of the charming



MISS FARR.

design which Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has just completed to serve as an advertisement to Dr. Todhunter's new play.

"You see, we are nothing if not advanced," began the future Lady Brandon, merrily. "Up to the present time, no advanced play has ever yet been properly mounted in London. I ought to know something about the matter, for I have acted in many of them. The lessors of the theatre are spending £800 in carrying out the alterations demanded by the London County Council, and we are sparing no expense in the adequate mounting of 'A Comedy of Sighs.'"

"And in what sense, Miss Farr, do you understand the word 'advanced'?"

"It is by no means easy to answer that question, but perhaps I can best express what I think if I say that we consider absolute realism only a phase of dramatic art, and in this play we hope to go a step further—in fact, we shall try to use symbolism to express realities. I should tell you that the two plays produced on the 29th will be widely different. For the *lever de rideau* we shall have an exquisite little idyl by Mr. W. B. Yeats, 'The Land of Heart's Desire' (Irish for Fairyland), which is a regular little bit of Celtic folk-lore. I am a strong believer in starting off with a good first piece."

"Then 'A Comedy of Sighs' is the advanced play?"

"They are both advanced," laughed Miss Farr, cheerfully. "I am delighted with my part, that of Lady Brandon, a discontented and somewhat eccentric society woman. The three feminine rôles are widely different, and so Miss Featherstone, Miss Earle, and myself have each plenty of scope. Even in respect to our costumes, we have tried to indicate the characteristics of the wearers."

"I believe, Miss Farr, that you were one of the first to introduce Ibsen to an English audience?"

"Yes, I played the part of Rebecca West in 'Rosmersholm' at the Vaudeville. The first thing I ever read of the Master's was 'The Lady of the Sea,' and I had at one time an idea of producing that play; but a friend who knew Norwegian pointed out to me the greater value of 'Rosmersholm,' and the character of Rebecca West took great hold upon me."

"You have not been on the stage very long?" I asked, looking at the youthful face of my hostess.

"Longer than you would think," she replied quietly; "I made my *début* some ten years ago."

"And were you always devoted to the stage?"

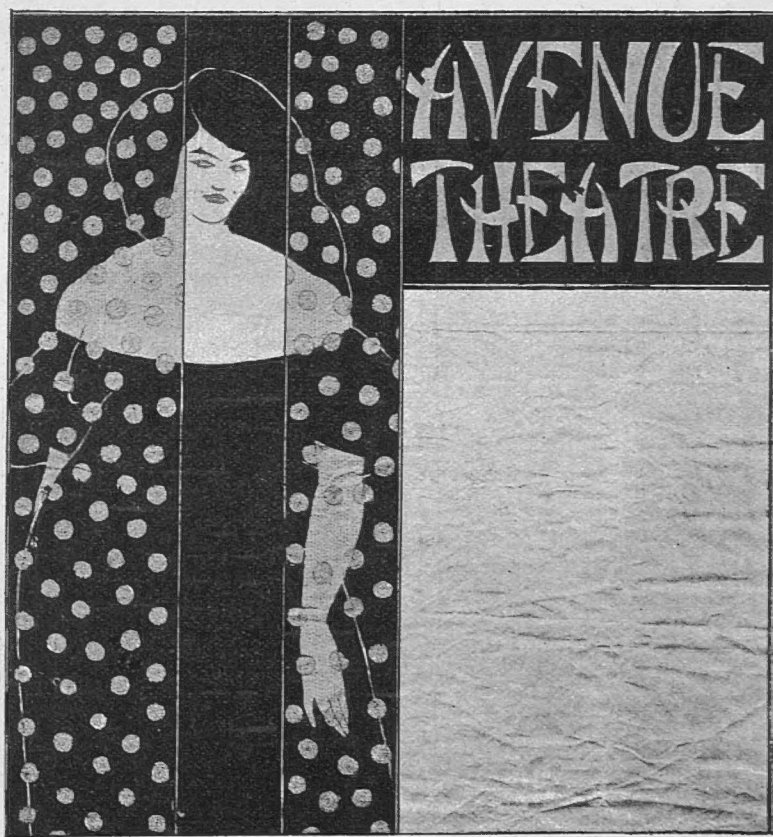
"By no means," answered Miss Farr, decisively. "My father was a Government official; we lived out of town, and I had but few opportunities of going to the theatre. Still, I had always made up my mind to do something, and, with a view to teaching, I passed the Higher Cambridge Local Examination; but, alas! I soon found that my vocation did not lie in High Schools and abodes of learning. Then I thought of accompanying one of my brothers to the Colonies, and accordingly learnt riding, cooking, and similar accomplishments."

"These would not appear straight paths to the stage?"

"Well, what first really made me think of becoming an actress was reading an article written by Dion Boucicault *à propos* of a dramatic training school which was then about to be started. I realised for the first time what going on the stage really meant, and made up my mind that I would try and see what I could do. A happy chance introduced me to Toole's Theatre, and I made my first appearance there in 'Griffin's Elopement'; but, like most people, I found that it took me a long time to unlearn all that the elocutionists and dramatic teachers had taught me. That does not imply," added Miss Farr, quickly, "that I do not believe in some kind of preparation, especially as regards the management of the voice; but experience is the principal teacher. A tour in the provinces with a Criterion company, and carefully watching certain parts as understudy, were of the greatest value to me."

"I believe that you have already been connected with Dr. Todhunter's former essays in dramatic writing?"

"Yes; I played at an amateur performance in his 'Sicilian Idyl'; the performance was repeated at St. George's Hall, at Mr. Grein's 'At Home,' and was a great success. It was shortly after this that I produced 'Rosmersholm,' and then once more I took part in a number



POSTER DESIGNED BY MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

of Dr. Todhunter's poetic dramas. In view of the Shelley centenary, I was next asked to undertake the rôle of Beatrice Cenci. The mounting of this play was finally abandoned; but I acted some selections from the poem in the Bedford Park Club."

"You have also been connected with the Independent Theatre?"

"I took part in Bernard Shaw's 'Widowers' Houses,' and expect ultimately to act in the play which he is now writing."

"And will that drama be even more advanced than 'A Comedy of Sighs,' Miss Farr?"

"I believe," she answered, "that it is to be a burlesque of the romantic drama."

Journalists were once sarcastically called "the greatest inventors of the age." But, as far as memory serves, they have not bestowed on mankind many of the useful discoveries which make life less irksome. The simple but effective umbrella-ring, which itinerants implore one to purchase on the brightest of summer days, was not the happy thought of a scribe; neither was the lucifer match, though that is patronised greatly by the thoughtful, smoking penman. One of the last boons and blessings to men is a patent self-registering note-book, invented by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes. It automatically reveals, on opening, the page last used, and thus cannot fail to save time and temper in these days, when we all make notes, legible or illegible. All sorts and sizes of these handy aids to memory are issued, in neat and elegant binding, in diary form or with blank pages.

THE AUTHOR OF "KEYNOTES."

It did not require an acute observer to discover the sex of the author of "Keynotes." The name given to the author on the title-page, George Egerton—by-the-way, why have women writers such a preference for the name George, witness George Sand and George Eliot?—was a thin disguise. No man could have written these remarkable stories. It was obviously a woman who ascribed to her sex the possession of the qualities that go to make a Napoleon—disregard of opinion, and the "eternal I." And yet there is little of the "eternal I" about George Egerton. She has a rooted objection to the conventional interview. Thus it is only permitted to us to give some details gleaned from a personal friend.

Mrs. Clairmonte, as she is known in everyday life, is a very busy little woman, though she will tell you that she has to whip herself to writing, thinking and dreaming is so much pleasanter. Remember the wonderfully worded dream of the woman in the first story, "A Cross Line." She cares nothing for society, and when in England prefers her own home and her books; she takes a keen interest in social questions from a spectator's point of view; but if you ask her for her theories on emancipation or the woman question she laughs and tells you she has none. With women she prefers talking chiffons to sociology; when you tell her she has only described an uncommon type of woman, she laughs again, and quotes extracts from letters she has received since the appearance of "Keynotes" from seemingly narrow women, leading conventional lives, asking her to write more, because they are glad to know another woman feels just as they do. She thinks it will take her years to write the books she has conceived, as she never sets down anything until she has thought it out clearly; the writing takes time. In the immediate present she has almost completed a book of stories for early autumn, that she hopes is of higher quality than "Keynotes." A long book is working itself out, and she has a play in outline that she will write as soon as the details fill in. Reading five or six languages, she takes a keen interest in contemporary foreign literature. She is preparing some articles to order for a Scandinavian review, written in the vernacular, on some literary and social questions in England. She is very happily married, and never so content as when fishing on a lake or riverside with her husband, who is as keen in the pursuit of fish as he once was in that of big game. She hopes to combine a fishing tour



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

later on in Norway, the land of her predilection—as one might guess from her vivid descriptions in the stories, "Under Northern Sky"—with arrangements for the translation of a notable book by one of the younger school of Swedish writers. She writes entirely to please herself and carry out her own theories. As studies, she prefers women to men, finding them more interesting by reason of their complexity. She is more interested in folk-lore and dialects than in anything else, and has a preference for the peasantry of every country.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Who will head the list of winning owners in 1894? I expect Lord Rosebery will be high up, especially should Ladas win the treble event. Then, again, Mr. McAlmont will go very close, and Sir Blundell Maple may increase his position, while it is certain that the Duke of Westminster will stand well at the end of the year. I fancy that T. Loates will once more be the leading jockey, and Bradford may run him a good second.

I suppose the Premier will spare the time to attend the Newmarket Meetings, and he will, no doubt, entertain, as usual, for the Epsom Spring and Summer gatherings. Lord Rosebery, too, is hardly likely to miss his favourite Ascot. It was at the last meeting held on the Royal Heath that I saw him walking arm-in-arm in the paddock with the Duke of Cambridge, and both were intent on seeing the Illuminata colt saddled.

One of the most prominent faces at Manchester Races is that of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, a local magnate, who is lord of the soil. Sir Humphrey owns a few steeplechase horses, and he won a big race at Manchester with Roman Oak in 1891; but he has not otherwise met with much luck with his jumpers, and he has leanings to pony and gallopway racing, while it goes without saying that he is a capital polo player. Sir Humphrey goes in largely for breeding hackneys, and in this he has been very successful, and he has also gained several prizes for Berkshire pigs, which he breeds on a small scale. Sir Humphrey has the best appointed kennels in England, and he owns any number of pedigree dogs. He rides straight to hounds, and at present commands a troop of the Lancashire Hussars, to which regiment he was gazetted in 1883. Sir Humphrey is often at the Bachelors' Club when in town, and he has many friends among his equals. He married, in 1886, Violet Alice Maud, daughter of Captain James Franklin, of the 77th Regiment.



SIR HUMPHREY F. DE TRAFFORD.

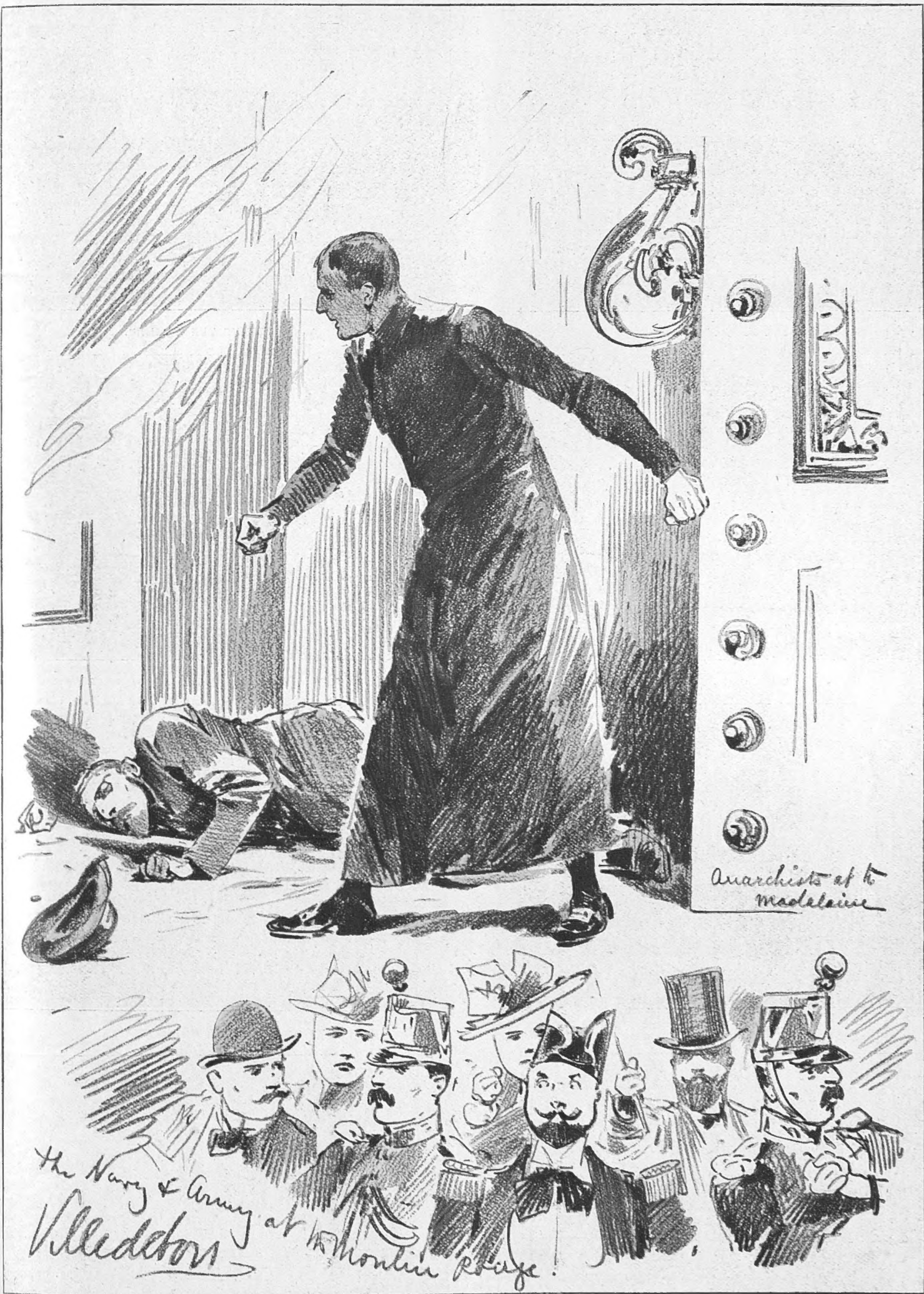
There has been a great deal of rough riding under National Hunt Rules this season, and something will have to be done to alter this another year. Of course, ordinary accidents cannot be avoided, but when certain riders amuse themselves by preventing other men's mounts from getting a chance to win, it is time to warn off one or two of the worst offenders. I have been told of cases where certain horses have been deliberately charged right and left in a race, and, although they could with a fair opening have won easily, they had no earthly chance, through having been hampered all the way.

Mr. C. Thompson, who broke his leg by the falling of Daffodil at Kempton Park, is, I am glad to hear, progressing favourably. Mr. Thompson, despite the fact that he is getting on in years, is still the bold and skilful rider he was early in the 'eighties. He has at times met with some nasty accidents. Once, while riding in Germany, he came a cropper and cut his head badly. The wound healed, but, strange to relate, the pupil of one of his eyes is now twice the size of the other. He can see all right, however, and his medical attendant does not think he will ever feel any ill-effects of the mishap.

Mr. Thompson has had a most adventurous career, and his reminiscences would make very interesting copy. He has travelled a great deal, and has ridden winners in many countries. It was, I think, Mr. Thompson who first commenced inserting advertisement slips in magazines and papers.

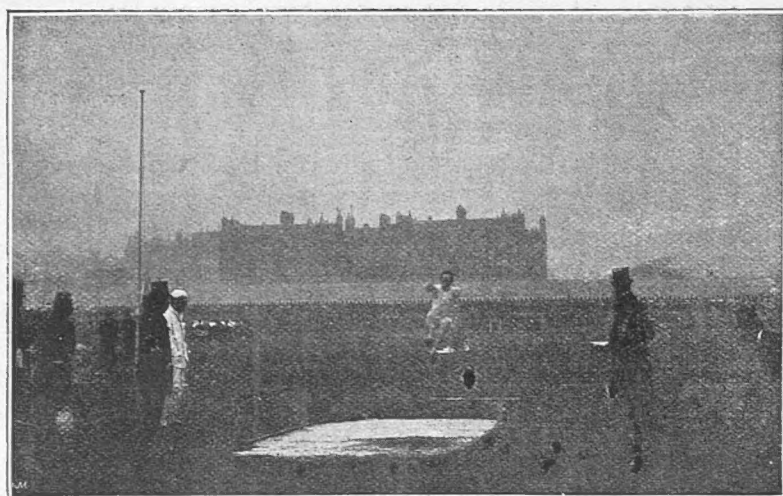
Mr. M. R. Lebaudy, who has gained experience with age, will, I believe, have a large stud of racehorses running in England this year, under the management of the Hon. C. Howard, who is one of the most active members of the National Hunt Committee. Golding will train the flat-racers, and Craddock, who, by-the-bye, was in trade before he took to training horses, will continue to have charge of the steeplechasers. Sam Loates is first jockey for the stable, and Harry Barker will also don Mr. Lebaudy's colours when the weight suits.

It is difficult to work up anything like enthusiasm over the Grand National, as Cloister bars the way. If the old horse stands up, he cannot well be beaten, as he is, I am told, just now as well as he ever was in all his life, the chill notwithstanding. It is not long odds against the first three positions being held by the same horses as last year, and I shall not be at all surprised if Why Not gets second and Æsop third. I think Newcourt will win the Liverpool Spring Cup.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

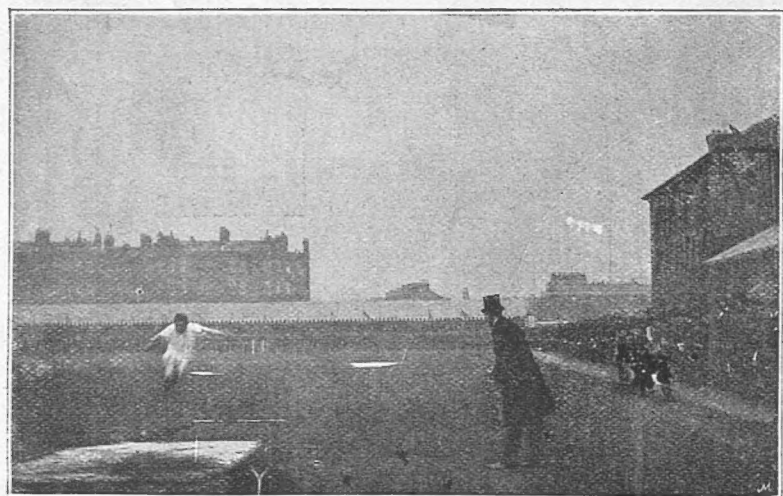
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

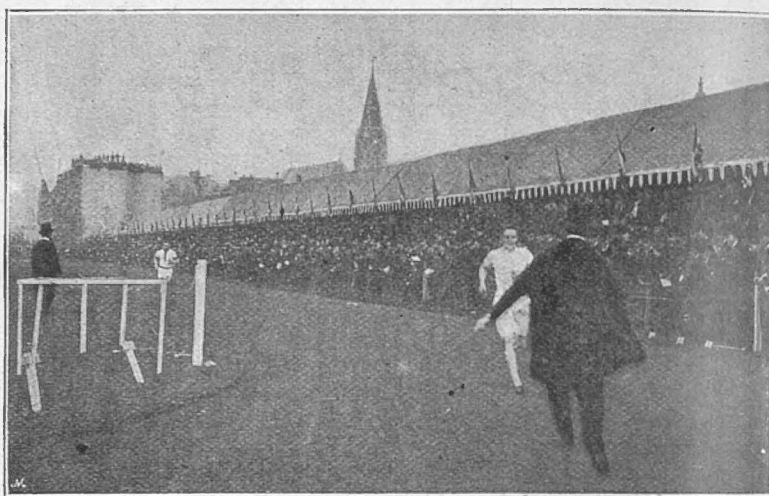
THE LONG JUMP.



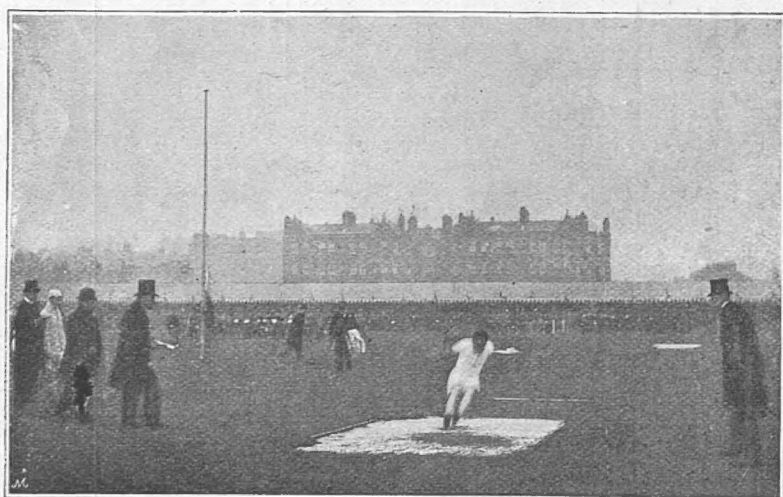
THROWING THE HAMMER.



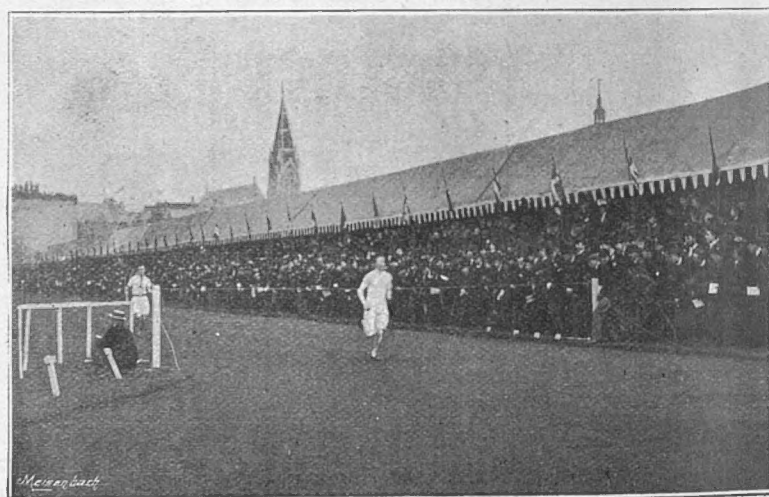
THE LONG JUMP.



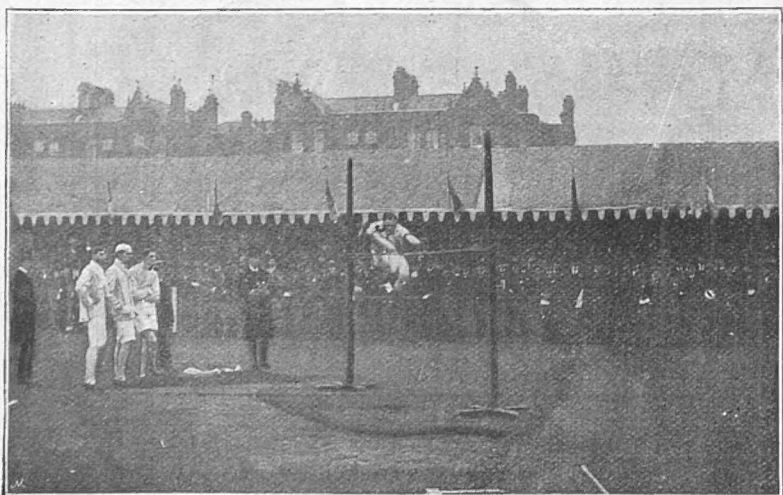
FINISH OF THE THREE MILES RACE.



THE LONG JUMP.



LUTYENS (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE MILE RACE.



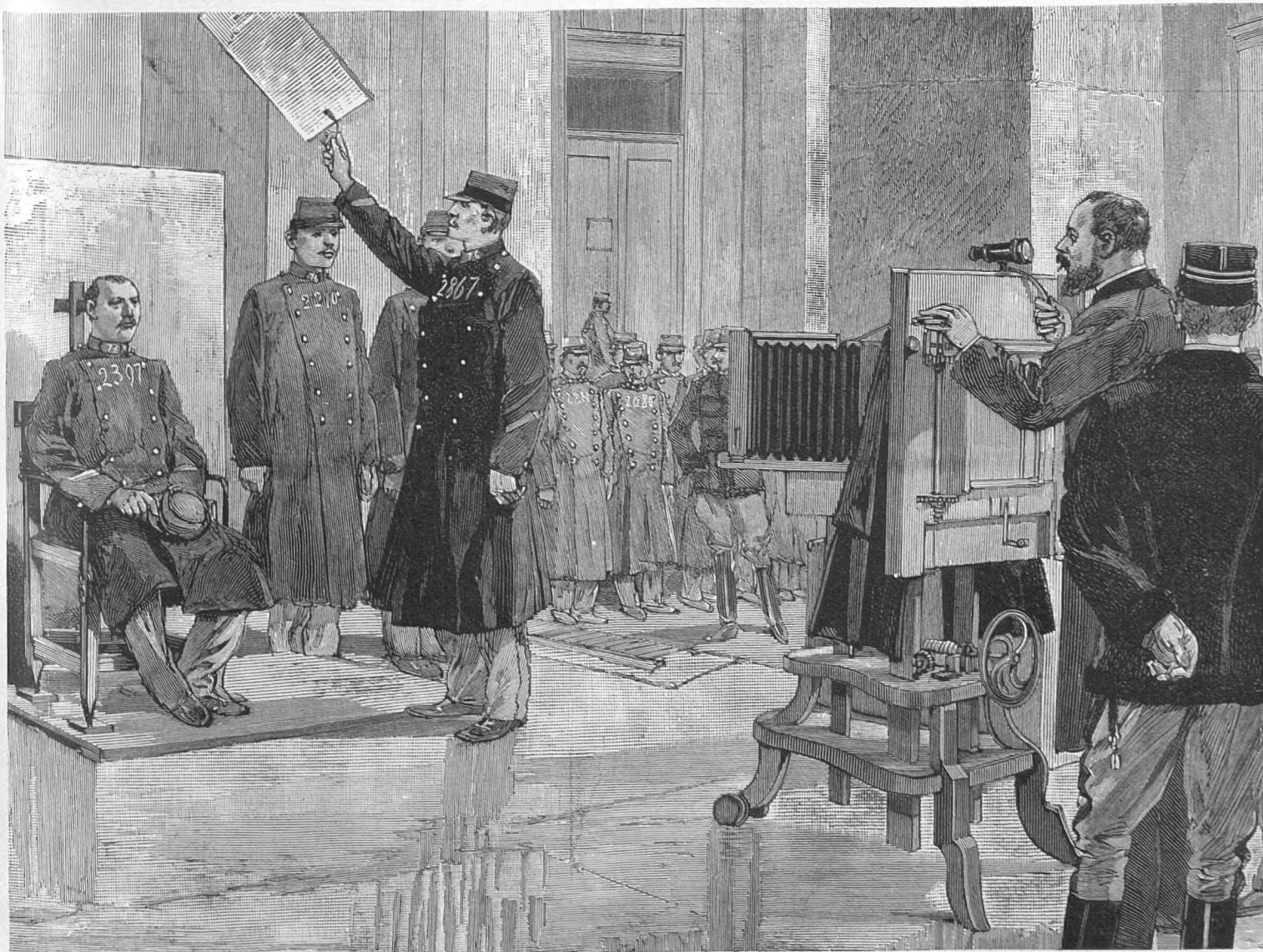
E. D. SWANWICK (OXFORD) WINNING THE HIGH JUMP, 5 FT. 7 IN.



FINISH OF THE QUARTER-MILE RACE.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS.

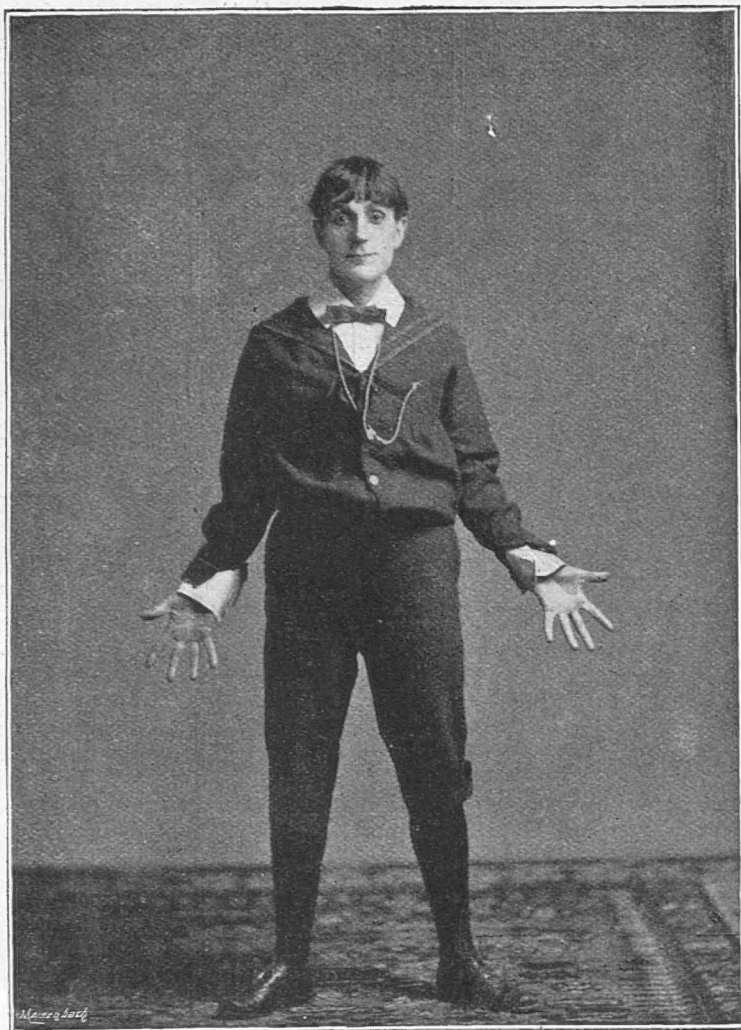
The criminal of to-day must needs be an artist if he would enjoy his freedom. The mesh is daily tightening round him, the latest development being the report of the committee appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the best means available for identifying habitual criminals. In this country, the police have at present a rather rough-and-ready method, identification depending mainly upon personal recognition of offenders by constables or prison warders. France is far ahead of us in the science of criminology. The best-known system is M. Bertillon's. A record of each prisoner has first to be taken, consisting of certain measurements, which depend mainly on the length of bony structures in the body, and may, therefore, be treated for practical purposes as invariable in adults. The cards on which these particulars are recorded are so classified that each can be found by means of the measurements, and without the name of the person; and then, by taking the measurements of any person who is arrested, it is possible to ascertain his identity if he is already included among the records under any name whatever. The special features of this system are the choice of the measurements to be taken and the mode of classification. The measurements taken are the following: Height, span of arms, height of trunk (sitting height), length of head, width of head, length of right ear, width of right ear, length of left foot, length of left middle finger, length of left little finger, and length of left forearm. Mr. Galton's plan is totally different in detail, though not in principle. He finds that the most characteristic marks on the person are those on the fleshy part of the finger-tips. In each individual these retain their peculiarities throughout life, and in different individuals they show an infinite variety of forms. The chance of two finger-prints being identical is less than one in sixty-four thousand millions. Mr. Galton, in fact, takes the portrait of the finger-tip, and anyone may do this for himself by first rubbing his finger over an inked surface and then pressing it on a sheet of paper. The conditions of English law do not admit of the adoption of M. Bertillon's system, while Mr. Galton's does not admit of a very simple classification. The committee recommend a combination of the two systems. They would measure suspected persons as regards the length and breadth of the head, the length of the left middle finger, left forearm, and left foot, just as M. Bertillon does, and classify them according to his excellent system, by which a particular measurement may be picked out among thousands in a minute or two. They would then add a final sub-division of particulars on Mr. Galton's plan.



THE BERTILLON SYSTEM APPLIED TO SOLDIERS.

"THE NEW BOY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE

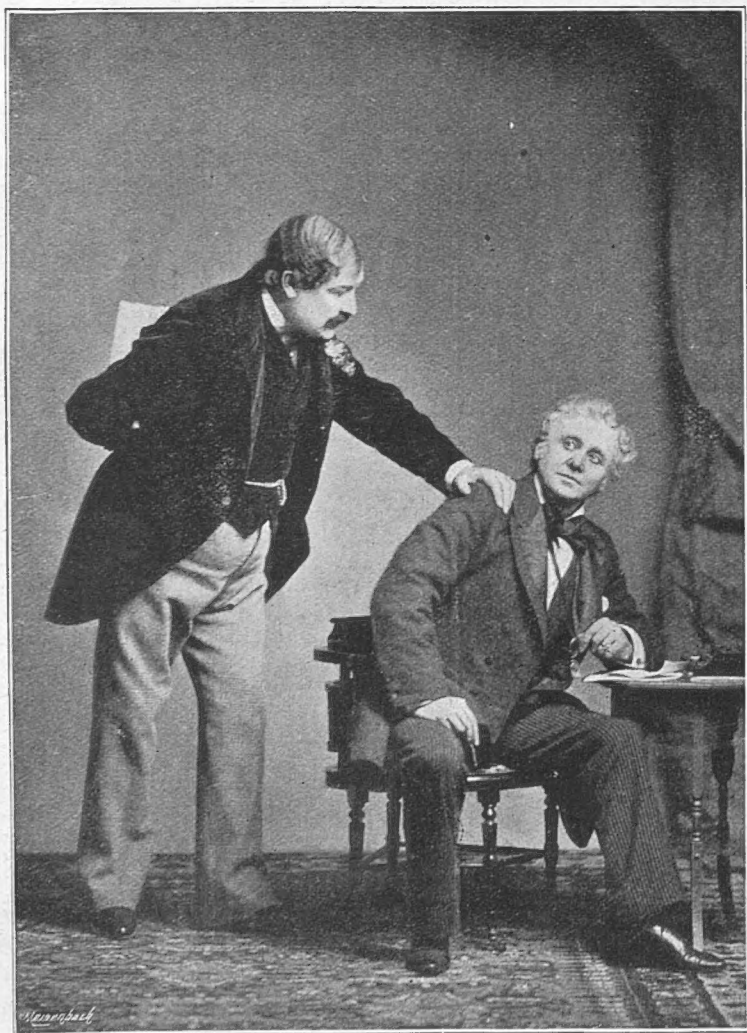
From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH (ARCHIBALD RENNICK).



MR. GROSSMITH AND MISS GLADYS HOMFREY (MRS. RENNICK).



MR. BEVERIDGE (FELIX ROACH) AND MR. BEAUCHAMP (DR. CANDY).



MISS HOMFREY, MISS ESMÉ BERINGER (SUSAN), AND MR. BEAUCHAMP.

MISS HOMFREY AS MRS. RENNICK.

Humorously it may be said that among the great deeds of "gallant little Wales" may be numbered the production of Miss Gladys Homfrey, whose grand presence as Mrs. Rennick in "The New Boy" affords an admirable contrast to the diminutive stature of "little Freddy," her husband, and to whose clever art as an actress the author owed a debt of gratitude when the success of the piece, on the first night's production, wavered in the balance for a moment during the third act. The favourite lady-pupil of the late Signor Angelo may fairly attribute her good carriage and general symmetry of form to her skilled practice with the foils and to her use of the oar, which has carried her frequently round the Mumbles. But these accomplishments served other ends than preserving a figure inclined to *embonpoint* within very shapely limitations. They enabled Miss Homfrey, among other characters, to personate with grace the "strong woman" in "The Doctress," at the Globe, not so very long ago, a part which she created, and to which Miss Alma Stanley succeeded, without out-rivalling her prototype, however; they also gave that realism which only a perfect swordswoman could impart to Miss Homfrey's exhibition of the "fencing woman" in "Angelina," at the Vaudeville, under the management of Mr. Thomas Thorne.

"Yes, I have been unusually fortunate, I think, in my profession," Miss Homfrey told me; "I just jumped



MR. DOUGLAS (BULLOCK MAJOR), MR. GROSSMITH, AND MISS MAY PALFREY (NANCY ROACH).



MR. GROSSMITH, MISS HOMFREY, AND MR. BEAUCHAMP.

into it, and I fear I made a rather ugly 'splash,' for I was well 'slated' by the Press on my essaying the parts of Romeo, Orlando, and similar characters at the Gaiety in a number of effective scenes from Shakspeare. However, I didn't sink, as I at once received three lucrative offers—for, strange to say, I have never played unsalaried, nor have I, by-the-bye, ever been an understudy—and I accepted all three."

"And what were they?"

"Well, under Miss Ada Cavendish, I played Lady Janet Roy in 'The New Magdalen,' a part, I may say, I fairly revelled in; then I was principal boy under Edgar Saker's management, and afterwards I appeared in comic opera under Mr. John Hollingshead. Besides, I had a very agreeable time in playing with Edward Terry in some of Pinero's comedies. There then follows a record of six seasons, embracing engagements alternating between Mr. Thomas Thorne and Miss Minnie Palmer."

"And you have not found your number of inches to stand in your way professionally?"

"Oh, dear, no! I have not found that the supply of big women exceeds the demand—rather the contrary."

Then our conversation wandered off into a topic outside the profession, though very intimately related to Miss Homfrey's tastes, which proved singularly congenial to me, as she had formerly been the owner of the renowned bloodhound "Don," and a whole kennel of other canine celebrities, while she was responsible as a breeder for Lord Wolverton's famous pack.

"I remember you now perfectly as an exhibitor. I suppose you attended most of the shows?"

"Oh! dear, yes; but I'm afraid I couldn't stand the racket now. A funny incident occurred to me, I remember, when I attended the Hanover International Dog Show. Prince Albrecht Solms had very civilly invited me, and had sent me his card, on which he had scribbled directions to facilitate my getting suitable food for my dogs *en voyage*. Instead of handing over the card, I attempted to read it to the hotel people, and the result was so lamentable that it was evident that 'someone had blundered,' as I was served with dog biscuit and gravy, while my dogs made but a scanty meal off the delicacies I had ordered for my own more fastidious appetite."

"And did you use your bloodhounds for tracking?" I inquired.

"Your question reminds me that that same tracking was nearly getting me into trouble. I offered some of my bloodhounds, by advertisement in some of the Irish newspapers, for the purpose of catching the miscreants who had been maiming the cattle, sheep, and horses, and I unconsciously became a marked woman, for on my attempting to fulfil a professional engagement soon afterwards I was deluged with threatening letters, and a determined attempt was made to shoot me. The consequence was that I was advised to throw up my engagement and to lie dark for a while. Yes; I am sure I shall have to take up dogs again, and live in the country, and you'll come and see me, won't you?"—L.



MR. GROSSMITH, MR. BEVERIDGE, AND MISS HOMFREY.

MISS MAY PALFREY AS NANCY ROACH.

That wearisome work, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," fosters in the public mind the idea that every theatre has a green-room in which, during the play, occur charming reunions of strangers and members of the company. Even to-day this is true enough of the Comédie Française, but in most London theatres at present the green-room is a name without a local habitation. Consequently, when pretty Miss Palfrey said I could see her in the green-room at Terry's, I had visions of a lumber-room full of



MISS PALFREY.

old "props" and spiders' webs, and considered useful because of a wheezy piano—that's the kind of green-room I saw the other day at the Theatre. However, when I was led down the stairs by a fireman, I was delighted to find myself in a long, narrow room, well carpeted, decorated with pretty pictures, and as tidy as an old maid's bed-room.

"Oh! you're Mr. Sketch," she said. "I don't know what to talk to you about."

"So much the better," I replied; "a good listener is the sort of subject we like best. Other people's conversation disturbs the interviewer's flow of thought."

Really, she looked charming as she sat swinging a large garden-hat by its rose-coloured ribbon. Her dress of white and pink flannel, cut short enough to show that she was meant to be less than seventeen—very neat evidence it is—the mass of hair hanging on the shoulders, the—for the rest of the catalogue, please look at the photograph—made a delightful picture of summer up the river, and I could almost fancy myself rowing—I mean being rowed—about on a June afternoon.

"How did I come to be an actress? Well, I always wanted to go on the stage; but my people wouldn't hear of it—didn't even like to let me go to the theatre. However, I managed to play a few times as amateur at the hospitals; then, when I really had to do something, after poor father's death, a friend of his helped me. You know, he was Dr. James Palfrey, of Brook Street. We knew Sir Morell Mackenzie very well, and he introduced me to Sir Augustus Harris."

"I suppose you were frightened at meeting Sir Augustus?"

"Yes; but he was very kind, and gave me a walking part in the pantomime procession as Juliet. No; I've no ambition to play Juliet. After one rehearsal he wrote in three lines for me. I don't suppose anyone heard me speak them on the first night. Then I became understudy to Miss Fanny Brough in 'A Million of Money,' and actually played the part on Boxing Day, as the first understudy was busy in the pantomime. Wasn't that luck? I had only one rehearsal, but I got through it very well, and some people said very nice things about it."

"I remember you after that in the 'Pantomime Rehearsal,' in 'A Commission,' and other plays at the Court, and, of course, I recollect your serpentine dance in the dress studded with roses. You certainly have got on wonderfully."

"I've been so lucky—nearly always in work. When I'm not, and even sometimes when I am, I make a lot of money at private houses by dancing and acting. Yes, it's rather tiring going after the theatre, but if one makes a week's salary in ten minutes! Mdlle. Marie, of the Alhambra, taught me dancing. You remember her in the late 'Aladdin' and 'Don Juan' ballets? Oh, yes, she's made me work hard, and practise, too."

I did not venture to inquire whether, like a Legnani, she practised two hours a day regularly, half the time being spent in gymnastic exercises for rendering and keeping the body supple. When asked what she thought of Miss Nini Patte-en-l'Air she simply replied, "Horrible!"

Suddenly, when I began to speak of "The New Boy," she made elaborate gestures, which at last I guessed were intended to advise me to hold my tongue. A moment later, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, with as much dignity as is consistent with his boy's dress for the second act, came through from the dressing-room at the end of the green-room, the door of which had remained half open.

"No; it's all right. I shouldn't have said anything awkward. I only write nasty things; I don't say them. If one puts them on paper, misrepresentation is impossible, but if it is a question of word of mouth you can soon get into trouble for perversions of what you have said. So you don't want to play Juliet or Lady Macbeth?"

"My ambition is to have a big part of a pathetic character about a young girl, and to play it just as I like. Perhaps the public wouldn't like it. Yes; I'm fond of dancing, but I prefer acting. No; I don't think I've any theories about acting—I haven't time. I don't spend much time even in amusing myself. Mine is a busy life, for I have to be useful as well—"

"As ornamental? No; I know you weren't going to say that. And do sixteen-year-old girls flirt as outrageously as you in 'The New Boy'? I thought at that age they usually despised men."

"Well, anyhow, I like the part and the play, too. At Eastbourne and Leamington we had splendid receptions."

"Now I want to ask you an important question: Do you propose to join the troupe of lady-players who are to represent the plays of Shakspeare without the aid of the baser sex?"

"Which part do you think would suit me best, Falstaff or Henry VIII.?"

While I was smiling at the idea of the pretty, slight girl putting on padding and false hair to disguise her charming face and pretty form, she disappeared. She may have said, "Excuse me, but I must go, I'm wanted on the stage." I could not swear that she did not, but she simply vanished.

MONOCLE.



MR. SYDNEY WARDEN (THEODORE DE BRIZAC) AND MISS PALFREY.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Mosquitoes.

I hear that signs are not wanting that we shall have the mosquito in England again this summer. In some districts they were pretty bad last year, but this year they seem likely to be worse. I wonder whether some preventive against their bites has not yet been discovered. The gauze veil is a poor thing. It is apt to tickle, is hot, and prevents you from seeing clearly. Personally, I consider the small black fly, or midge, a greater torment than the mosquito itself, and the midge can creep through any gauze, or, for that matter, through a thick woollen stocking. What is wanted is some strong-smelling stuff that could be rubbed on the skin. I have tried many things, and have found the most successful to be a mixture of Stockholm tar and paraffin. This, while it lasts, is quite effectual; but it is a question whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. I am interested in this question, because I am going this summer to a place—an island—where mosquitoes probably abound. On the mainland they are simply maddening—so bad that there magnificent salmon rivers remain unfished, for no one has the pluck to try them. Anyone who could supply a good suggestion on this point would be doing yeoman's service.

Rabbits for Profit.

A correspondent asks whether, in my opinion, rabbits can be made to pay. The question is rather vague, and the answer must necessarily be entirely conditional. To begin with, all land will not carry a large number of rabbits—clay land, for example. I know of cases in which owners of such land have tried their hardest to get up a head of rabbits, and have failed entirely. The rabbits did fairly well for a bit, but they found it absolutely impossible to bring up the number to the desired quantity. As soon as ever they touched a certain point they began to "go back," dying off of various complaints, usually with enlarged livers. Of course, there come exceptional years, as last year, when rabbits will swarm on any land, but in an ordinary way you must look out for very light land, say, for sand or gravel over chalk. Rabbits do not want water, so it may be as dry as you please. And then comes the all-important question, Have you a market? This will depend on where you are placed. In the south of England rabbits are little eaten, but in the north they are in great demand. If, then, you have no difficulty about the carriage, if you can contract with a big dealer in Manchester, Liverpool, or some such large manufacturing town, and your land can keep up the supply, you can make your rabbits pay, even on the "open" system. On the system of enclosures, about which I must speak some other time, you may succeed in spite of unfavourable natural circumstances if you are prepared to take infinite pains and trouble.

About Handling Birds.

Some young friends of mine are very anxious that I should tell them, all over again, how they are to begin training young hawks this summer. They say it is the beginning which bothers them, that last year they tried their hardest with some young sparrowhawks and could make nothing of them—the hawks were "always sulky." Well, of course, a sparrowhawk, as I have said before in this place, is just that at starting, and demands an infinity of patience and care. But a good deal, perhaps all, of success or failure depends upon the handling. If a hawk is handled roughly, if it is alarmed, startled—above all, if it is in the least degree hurt—why, then, you may as well let it fly off to the woods, for it is spoilt for purposes of training. So, now about handling a hawk. My strong advice is this—Don't begin with hawks until you have learnt to carry and handle some other bird—a jackdaw, for instance. I had, as a boy, two excellent jackdaws, Job and Dick; you might have called them—as, up to a certain point, they were—trained birds. Dick would come out with me for rides, coming on to my shoulder when I walked, and, when I trotted, flying after me from tree to tree. Job was a great hand at catching field-mice. He used to come out and sit on my shoulder when we were making hay; suddenly he would fly off and pounce down on some unlucky field-mouse. Job never failed to catch them, bringing them back to me, but eating them himself. Grasshoppers, also, were a favourite form of prey.

The Secret of This.

Now, wherever I was, these birds would find me out, and come flying down from the trees to greet me, and sit on my hand, head, or shoulder, and I really believe that it is owing to practice in carrying these and other birds—I have kept many—that I owe my success with hawks. The hand is an excellent perch, if that hand is trained, because it adapts itself to every movement of the bird: the hand becomes absolutely sympathetic. It is also a capital feeding point, so that the bird looks on it with favour; but the hand must always move quietly, never suddenly—in short, in dealing with birds one great secret of success is never to hurry. Do everything tentatively at first, then decidedly, but always quietly. Never try to pick up a bird in your hand. As long as a bird has the use of its limbs, feels that it is perching of its own accord, and can fly off at any moment, well and good; but a human finger closing round its body and confining its wings it can't and won't stand. Once try that on, and your bird is ruined.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

MISS ADELAIDE ASTOR.

If I recollect rightly, it was in "Carmen Up-to-Data" that I first noticed a young dancer who added to her other charms a likeness to Letty Lind. On inquiry, I found that the lady was a younger sister of Miss Lind, and, consequently, also, of Miss Millie Hylton, who had not at that time deserted one sort of music-hall entertainment for another. In the "Cinder-Ellen" burlesque Miss Astor danced delightfully in a *pas de quatre*, and after that disappeared, no pressman knew whither. Shortly afterwards, while glancing through a paper, I saw the name "Cissy Lind" among a crowd of turns at the Islington Green music-hall known as Collins's. Thither I wended one hot August evening with a brother journalist, who wished to ask her a few questions in connection with an interview which did not, I think, ever see the light. I recognised the somewhat "Adelaide Astor," and watched her performance, which was promising enough, but spoiled by acute



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand, W.C.

MISS ADELAIDE ASTOR.

nervousness. Some twenty minutes later, I left my seat, and found Miss Lind, attended by her dresser, in conversation with the proprietor of Collins's and my companion. She told us some few details of her career, which I append.

Made her first appearance in Birmingham—which is, I believe, her native place—in a pantomime at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; migrated to the Gaiety, and stayed there for rather more than two years; then, deciding to make her *début* as a song and dance artist, went to Collins's with a song of her sister's and a dance of her own. She told us that there was a great difference between coming on with three others to dance in a *pas de quatre* and facing singly even so indulgent an audience as that of Islington, but, as she was going to America to appear at the Imperial in New York, it was necessary to make a start. At the Gaiety she would have passed for an actress of many years' standing. All that delightful *insouciance* which distinguishes good dancers in general and her sister in particular was noticeable when she faced the auditorium at the "Shrine of the Sacred Lamp," while here, on the stage of the music-hall, the spontaneity had disappeared, and, *mirabile dictu*, so had the self-confidence. Now, your average "serio" may lack taste, ability, grace, voice, histrionic ability, and nearly every other qualification, but confidence she never loses.

Some two or three weeks after this short interview, Miss Lind went to America, and completed a fourteen weeks' engagement, returning to town in time for "Go-Bang," where she is doing very well. One night recently she took her sister's part, and acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Letty Lind taught her to dance, and she has rapidly achieved success, for she is at present only in her twentieth year.

BOHEMIAN.

SMALL TALK.

An excellent performance of the "Messiah" was given in Queen's Hall on the 20th, in aid of the philanthropic work of the London Congregational Union, which provides annually 70,000 free meals, and in other ways alleviates distress. As regards the soloists, no fault could be found with Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Norman Salmond, who all sustained their high reputations. The last-named, especially, was successful in combining much dramatic power with the clearest enunciation. Miss Marian Mackenzie was delightful in "He shall feed His flock," and the pendant was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Hutchinson, who had hardly done herself justice in the florid air "Rejoice greatly." Mr. Kearton was loudly applauded for his admirable singing. In the orchestra, as is usual in these days of the "revolting daughters," there was a sprinkling of ladies. Whether by reason of this or not, it was very efficient, and played the "Pastoral Symphony" with smoothness and effect. Great and well-deserved praise is due to Mr. J. W. Lewis, who conducted throughout with discretion and great ability. He had courage to resist a somewhat pressing demand for an encore after the popular chorus "For unto us." Mr. Lewis kept a consistently steady beat, and had all his forces well under control. The choir of 400 had been chosen from 1500 applicants, and formed a well-balanced volume of voice. They sang remarkably the chorus "All we, like sheep," and no less steadily "Their sound is gone forth."

Everyone knows the important part that hats play in the House of Commons. The head-gear of members is as varied as the brains which it covers. The hat of Mr. W. Allan, M.P., is, in its way, as famous as



Photo by J. T. Robinson, Sunderland.

RONALD ALLAN, "WITH FATHER'S HAT ON."

that of Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P. Our portrait shows that Mr. Allan's six-year-old son—"the sunshine of his home"—has imitated Henry VII. by wearing the crown which belongeth to his father.

There have been lately a good many disquieting rumours about the health of the Empress of Austria. As far as her physical condition is concerned, however, we may be reassured by the reports of all the exercise she is taking on the Riviera. But she has not yet quite shaken off her mental troubles, and is subject to unexpected hysterical fits. One of her delusions is that her unhappy son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, is still a baby, and that she is being prevented from seeing him. For a long time the doctors sought in vain to quiet her, but, finally, it was only by the happy thought of one of her maids of honour that any

remedy could be found. A large doll was procured, and put into her arms in a darkened room, where she occupied herself in nursing it, with many kisses and tears of joy. However, the best cure seems to be taking plenty of exercise, and for days now her Majesty has been free from any delusions.

Sir Francis Cook, the head of the great house in St. Paul's Churchyard, whose name recently figured in a breach of promise case which excited considerable attention, has for many years been connected with Portugal, where he owns a magnificent estate. Montserrat—Sir Francis Cook's Portuguese estate—is one of the most beautiful of the many fine residences on the Tagus. It is situated at Cintra, that picturesque old town at the mouth of the river where the celebrated Convention between the British and French forces was concluded in 1808, and which is a favourite resort of the good folks of Lisbon, being distant from that city only some thirteen miles. So renowned is Montserrat for its natural beauties and its magnificence, that, I believe, when the Prince of Wales was in Portugal, he journeyed specially to the place, and was charmed with his visit. Sir Francis Cook's connection with Portugal dates back more than half a century, for the baronet, who is nearer eighty than seventy, married his first wife in Lisbon in 1841.

The summer exhibition to be held at the Grafton Gallery, and to be called "Fair Women," has taken definite shape. The scheme is threefold, and is divided by its promoters into (1) a loan exhibition of pictures of beautiful women by famous artists of all times; (2) a collection of miniatures, also to represent female beauty; (3) a collection of interesting and historical curios, and beautiful things connected with woman's dress and toilet, including (a) jewellery, (b) lace, (c) work, (d) fans, (e) coiffures, (f) shoes and buckles. The Princess of Wales is patroness, and there is a committee composed entirely of Duchesses, Countesses, and other ladies of high degree. The Grafton Gallery Company not only undertake to fetch and return anything that may be lent to the exhibition, but to insure all exhibits for such a sum as the owners may request. The executive committee is composed of five of the directors of the gallery, assisted by Messrs. Claude Phillips, J. J. Shannon, and A. Stuart Wortley, and "Fair Women" will be visible to the public gaze in May next. Seeing the large amount of interest the British public takes in fair women, there is no room for doubt about the success of the undertaking.

Messrs. Hutchinson are shortly about to publish a novel, in three volumes, by Mr. Herbert Vivian, some time editor of the *Whirlwind*, and Labour candidate for East Bradford, in collaboration with Mr. H. Wilkins. It is called "The Green Bay Tree." All the good characters in it come to hopeless grief, and the wicked ones flourish like the green bay tree of Scripture. A new feature in collaboration is to be inaugurated by the book, as the authors are distinguishing their portions of the work.

A lady correspondent writes in high glee of another movement by the "revolting daughters" of Eve: "At last we have a club where we can meet and cross swords or foils to our heart's content. The home of the Ladies' Fencing Club is in the Brompton Road, at the *Salle d'Armes* of M. Danguy, the well-known *maitre d'escrime*. At present we don't number very many, but applications for membership are flowing in fast, and we hope soon to be a power in the land. We have always felt the want of a meeting-place where we could encounter 'foe-men (or women) worthy of our steel,' and win our laurels at the point of the rapier. As the women who fence in the Metropolis are many, but very widely scattered, how were they to meet before the formation of this, the only club of its kind in England, and, in fact, in the world, with the exception of one that has just been started in Paris? We are not going to be selfish enough to hide our light under a bushel, but each member may invite a friend to witness her performance once a month; so our numerous acquaintances who are interested in fencing will have a chance of seeing for themselves how we acquit ourselves, and will be able to give us that encouragement without which even fencing will not prove altogether perfect. We have a charming president in the person of Mrs. Dasent, and we are equally fortunate in our secretary and treasurer, who are, respectively, Miss Jacomb Hood and Miss K. Woodward."

I lately came across an interesting bit of information. Some statistician has been going through the criminal annals of France from the year 1805 up to the present day, and has found that the name which most frequently appears in the black list is that of Lefèvre, the French representative, it should be noted, of the truly British Smith. Well, in the course of these nine decades as many as 15,000 convictions have been pronounced against persons called Lefèvre, and the statistician, who is evidently not an Imperialist, goes on to add slyly that of these 15,000 the Christian name of 2000 was Louis, Napoleon figuring against 700, and Joseph against 400.

I am not sure that Smith bears off the palm for wickedness on this side the Channel. Perhaps Major Arthur Griffiths or one of his colleagues might be able to enlighten us upon that point.

The Irving Amateur Dramatic Club are to produce "Love's Labour Lost" on Tuesday at St. George's Hall. It is ten years since the play was first staged by the club, while previous to that it had not been seen in London since Phelps mounted it at Sadler's Wells in 1853.

Skating being a thing of the past, I seized my "rollers" and betook me to the Crystal Palace Rink, meditating a glorious exhibition of skill which would strike envy into the hearts of all who saw me. Rinking is a fine, healthy, vigorous exercise, I thought, and paid my sixpences like a millionaire. Unfortunately, the place was crowded, and, instead of sitting down to watch me, the crowd ignored me, and continued to rink. As I was not in such good practice as I fondly believed, the result was painful, too painful for prose. Listen, and spare compassion—

"When I go a-rinkyge, a-rinkyge, a-rinkyge,"
Merry sang the writer as he wended on his way,

"Beholders will declare
'He's as light as lark in air,'
They'll feel envy and despair,
And dismay."

As I started rinkyge, I saw a boulder winkyge;
Winkyge with a wicked wink, he rolled along the floor,
While, with envy sad to see,
He looked longingly at me
As I passed him rapidly
By the door.

As I rove a-rinkyge, and while I was not thinkyge,
Sudden came that boulder like a charge of cavalry,
And the bright-blue sky turned red,
While the floor, which I thought dead,
Rose up and struck my head
Savagely.

Said I, "Enough of rinkyge—too many stars are blinkyge,
The air is bleak and boisterous, I do not think I'll stay;
I will give up graceful gliding,
With its chances of colliding,
It is folly and backsliding,
Anyway."

So I left the rinkers rinkyge, while the golden sun was sinkyge,
And I rose up painfully and made a bee-line for the door,
From that haunt of rolling skates,
Where the watchers at the gates
Shall see me tempt the Fates
Nevermore.

The reign of football is almost ended, and in a week or so King Willow will once more rule over us. Even now in some of the fairest parts of rural England the younger generation is practising. Of course, to numbers of men cricket is only known as something to be seen for a small sum at Lord's, the Oval, Old Trafford, Trent Bridge, and similar places. The home of cricket is, however, to be found on the village greens of the southern counties, where men can start practice some weeks before their northern rivals. I have found an infinite amount of pleasure in travelling about through the various cricketing centres of Surrey, Kent, and Hampshire. In Surrey there is Mitcham, which turns out some fine athletes and has an ideal green, and there are Epsom and Caterham, which last has a beautiful little ground, lying low in a valley. In Kent, Maidstone and Gravesend supply the best grounds, while Penshurst, near Tunbridge Wells, is noted for some of the finest cricket balls ever handled by ardent bowler. The place of their manufacture is called a factory by courtesy, but were all factories like this one there would be great competition to enter them. Last, but not least, comes Hampshire, with the famous old Bat-and-Ball Ground, where the Hambledon Club had its quarters nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. Cricket, though younger than football, has the more interesting history.

I must confess that I infinitely prefer a good country match, without gate-money, without boundaries, and without "average making," to any entertainment the large and representative grounds can offer me. The most pleasant hour of the summer is when you sit under the trees at one end of an old village green and watch a game in the company of octogenarians who played in the times when cricketers went to the field in white cotton shirts and tall black hats. What these old men do in the winter, beyond sitting over the fire, it is hard to say; but in the summer they tramp leisurely to the shade of the oak and elm, and, fearless of rheumatism, sit down on the turf beneath the trees. They tell you how every ball ought to be played, of their own past glories, and the famous men they have contended against. The names of Jupp, Julius Caesar, Caffyn, Miller, Mortlock, and others unknown to the present generation, are words to be mentioned in love and reverence, and when you are well known to them they will show you some stiff print representing one of their heroes in an impossible position with a pride which banishes your smile. Yet I have

never felt so proud of an achievement on the cricketing field as when I once scored a "half-century" on one of the old country grounds, and received the congratulations of the wise men who sat in the shade to smoke and criticise.

Old Tom Hearne, of Ealing, is one of the representatives of past cricket. Many a chat have I had with him in the little parlour of his house in the Uxbridge Road, which is full of curiosities of all sorts. In a glass case is a stuffed pigeon which came fluttering over Lord's Cricket Ground while a match was on in the 'sixties. Tom took aim with a cricket ball, and the bird earned immortality by its death. He has many souvenirs of big scores in the days when he played for Middlesex and All England. He is the uncle of the Hearnes who uphold the fortunes of Kent, and, unless I am mistaken, J. T. Hearne, of Middlesex, calls him father. It is surprising to think how many men earn their living by playing cricket, and yet, if one will but consider for a moment, a game of cricket is typical of existence. Man is the batsman; the ills that flesh is heir to are in the field; Nature, the captain, keeps the wicket. While man is scoring his first dozen and a-half, he is bowled at by Measles, Whooping-Cough, Scarlet Fever, and such things. When he has reached a score, Passion begins to bowl, and Nature goes into the slips, leaving Time to keep behind the wicket. Passion is a very fast bowler, and if he cannot take your stumps he will make some weak spots near them for the benefit of those who come after him, just like Spofforth used to do in the old days of England v. Australia. After a while, if Passion can't bowl you out or get you caught in the slips, Nature puts on Indigestion and some of the other ills which tried their hands at starting. If, however, you continue to score, and have some sixty notches to your credit, the captain holds a conference with the rest of the team, which bodes you no good. The result is that Time, the famous slow bowler, is put on, while Nature keeps wicket once more. Now Time looks for the spot where Passion tore up the turf, and his effort is to plant the ball there, so that it may twist and turn in suddenly. Man scores slowly now, for the fielding is very close, the bowling very tricky, and Nature on the alert. Seventy notches, and the "century" seems well within sight. Suddenly the old bowler puts in something especially tempting: Man forgets his prudence, launches out, and his innings is over. He has played the game.

A magnificent solid silver centrepiece has just been presented to the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment by the members of the Chunda Fund. The base is beautifully worked in floral design and stands on six feet. An excellent piece of modelling is shown in the representation of the Rock of Gibraltar, a part of the regimental badge. Upon the Rock, in relief, are four battle scenes from Dettingen, Seringapatam, South Africa, and Afghanistan, below which is the regimental badge. The Rock is surmounted by a Corinthian column, surrounded by the Queen's and the regimental colours, the whole being headed by a perfectly modelled winged figure of Victory. On separate plinths four privates are represented, wearing the uniform of the years 1685 (when the regiment was first raised), 1759, 1799, and 1893, respectively. The whole was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



CENTREPIECE PRESENTED TO OFFICERS' MESS, 1ST BATTALION SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

Mr. John Morley, the latest candidate for a London verdict as a singer in oratorio, has a history which reads like a three-volume novel; nor does he look unlike the hero of the kind in which the author describes a tall, athletic, dreamy-eyed, sad-faced, taciturn young man. Fate has also kindly provided him with a wife (for his marriage some months ago was part of the three-volume romance) of exactly the sort which the imaginative author would carefully have chosen. Mr. Morley, twenty-eight, was born in London, of Scotch-English parentage; Mrs. Morley had a Spanish mother, a Swedish father, has lived all her life in America, and shows the warm blood of Spain in her beautiful face, as anyone may see who looks at the portrait of her, in the scarlet gown, which now hangs in the Grafton Gallery. Her name, too, is Berthe, which, naturally, the author would have chosen had her existence been due to that novel instead of to reality.

Mr. Morley was educated at Marlborough, and brought up as the heir to considerable fortune; but, while he was still almost a boy, the money was lost in a strange manner, which remains a family secret. His parents having died while he was a child, he decided to go to Canada, being at the time almost penniless. Fortunes, however, are not so easily made even in Canada, as he found to his cost, and six years ago, though earning something of a reputation as a painter, he was delighted, from a pecuniary point of view, as well as an artistic, when it was discovered that he had a voice. He had always sung to please himself, but had been quite unconscious that in his voice there might be a key to fortune, until a friend informed him of the fact, and proved it by obtaining engagements for him to sing in church and at concerts. It was simply a natural talent, for he had had no teaching; but as soon as his painting and singing enabled him to put by sufficient money he went to Chicago, and placed himself under the instruction of Mr. Burritt.

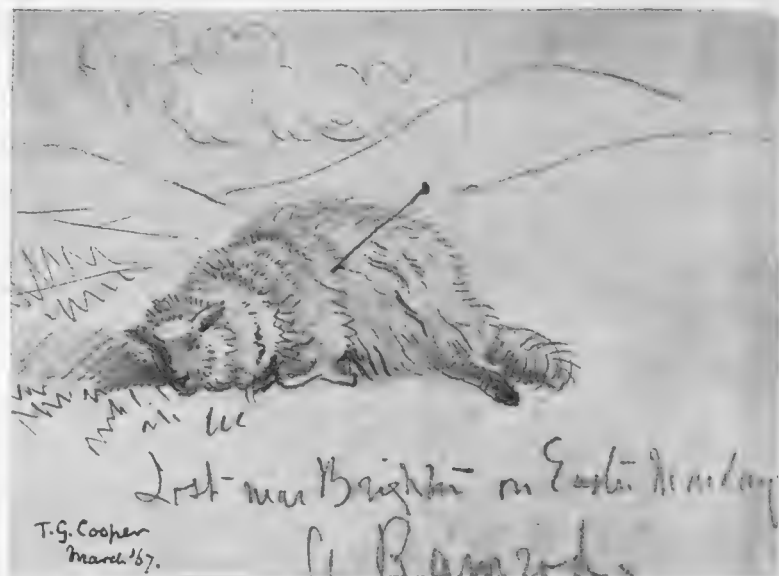
Nearly a year ago he came to England, and the first news which greeted him was that of the recovery of a portion of the money which should have been his on coming of age. He began lessons with Professor Alfred Blume, and has been carefully kept by that wise master from public notice until his *début*. He is in training for grand opera.

"A Gaiety Girl" continues to air her attractions at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is likely to divert us for a long time to come. I hope, at any rate, she will see her way to do so through the summer, for

The Easter Monday Volunteer Review, I am sorry to say, never appeals to me very seriously. While harbouring every feeling of respect for our citizen-soldiers, "the boys who keep the shop," as *Punch* told a French visitor when the Volunteer movement was a new thing with our "nation of shopkeepers," I cannot pump up any enthusiasm over mimic battles off Beachy Head and the like. Rather am I inclined to regard the incidents of the campaign much as did that wonderful nonagenarian artist, T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. thirty years or so ago, when he displayed a very pretty wit at the expense of the then comparatively youthful Volunteer, affording a pictorial sequel, it might have been said, to *Punch's* earlier joke—

BLANK CARTRIDGE.

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR (at the conclusion of the drill): "Hullo! but, I say, Mr. Polyblank, pray what has become of your ramrod?" (Polyblank tries hard to look as if he had not fired it off!)



According to Mr. Cooper's clever little sketch, Mr. Polyblank treated his loading apparatus as a ramrod in more senses than one.

I am a firm believer in the value of heredity in art matters, and it is for this reason among others that I observe with pleasure the name of M. Luigi Lablache in the cast of "Once Upon a Time," at the Haymarket. M. Lablache, I need hardly point out, is a son of the famous opera singer, Lablache, one of the celebrated Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache quartette. Madame Demerice-Lablache and Mlle. Louise Lablache have more recently kept up in a measure the reputation of the family on the operatic boards.

M. Luigi Lablache is a man of fine presence, and is thus peculiarly well fitted for costume pieces. I remember that he made a singularly picturesque Richmond in Mr. Richard Mansfield's costly revival of "Richard the Third" at the Globe, and an effective stage portrait was his Spanish grandee, Don Alvarez da Silva, in "The Armada," at Drury Lane. My stage recollections of M. Luigi Lablache, however, go back a long way further than that.

Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, he and his wife, Miss Emmerson, were members of the stock company at the little Theatre Royal in Nicholas Street, Scarborough, M. Lablache then acting under the name of Lewis. Others in the company were Adeline Stanhope, wife of the late Barry Sullivan's son, John Amory Sullivan; that ripe comedian, Mr. W. Blakeley, whose son James has recently made a successful *début* on the boards; and Mr. Haldane Crichton, now busy among the ranks of touring managers.

At that time the lessee and leading actor of the Scarborough Royal was Mr. Wybert Reeve, a dramatist of some note, and a performer of marked versatility, who won no little reputation at home and in the Colonies for his fine impersonation of the Italian adventurer Count Fosco, in Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White." For some time Mr. Wybert Reeve has been living in the Antipodes, and only the other day I was reading accounts of lectures on the subject of "The Pulpit and the Stage" delivered by him in Unitarian churches at Melbourne and Sydney. The Scarborough Royal, I may also point out, used to be the property of the distinguished scenic artist, William Roxby Beverly, and before him, of his father, Mr. Roxby, who, years ago, left the Navy to become a Thespian.

The news that a paper company, with machinery of 11,000 horsepower, is making use of Niagara reminds me of my last visit to the place. As I came out of the hotel there and surveyed the wonderful prospect, I remarked to the landlord upon its beauty and magnificence. But his *esprit de corps* would only allow him to give a qualified assent. "Yes, yes," he said, "it's mighty fine, no doubt, or would be but for the poverty of the element." I told this to a Radical friend of mine, and at his next public meeting he calmly repeated my story to the audience, adding that there had been lately a number of Tory speeches which were mighty fine, no doubt, or would be but for the poverty of the element.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN HER BATHING-COSTUME.

one would not have to run down to the seaside to experience the breeziness of the bathing season. Of Miss Decima Moore one might say with the lyricist of the comedy (somewhat altered)—

Don't she look extremely fetching—
Subject fit for artist's sketching?
This is Fashion's last success,
Latest thing in bathing dress.



MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "A GAIETY GIRL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A WOMAN WITH A FORTUNE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"Mr. Alston, will you come and listen to Nan Emery? I want you to hear what she has been telling me."

The girl who spoke was tall, slight, handsome, dark-haired, and dark-eyed; there was an air of decision in the poise of her well-shaped head, in every movement of her graceful figure—an air which made her noticeable without detracting from her charm. It was, indeed, the most noticeable thing about her. You felt at once that she was a woman who knew her own mind. Yet there was no want of gentleness or of refinement in her manner, and her smile would have made even a plain face beautiful. She was dressed with scrupulous plainness in a costume of sober grey, with white linen collar and cuffs, which made her look something like a hospital nurse.

She was not a hospital nurse, however, so far as Bernard Alston could gather. He had made one or two inquiries about her past history without getting much information. She was a Newnham graduate, and she had come to London in order to learn the newest methods of dealing with the problems of poverty, after the fashion of young ladies of the day. In the work to which the clever young surgeon, Bernard Alston, was giving a good deal of his time he had often seen young ladies come and go, amusing themselves for three weeks or so by a perfunctory attendance at the Boys' Library, at the Boot and Clothing Clubs, at the Free Concerts for men and women. Generally they dropped off before the month was out, and went back to their friends with the proud consciousness that they also had done some "slumming," like everybody else, at the East End.

But Miss Maud Kingsley had stayed six months. She had taken up her abode with some ladies who devoted their whole lives to work in Whitechapel, and had toiled with them as they had toiled, sacrificing day and night to the service of the poor. She had collected rents; she had learnt how to keep accounts properly; she had attended lectures on the Poor Law; she knew all about the innumerable charity societies, disguised under misleading initials, in which the heart of modern woman doth delight—C.O.S., M.A.B.Y.S., Y.W.C.A., and the like. She had a knack of being friendly with the stern political economist and the sweet-faced Sister of Mercy at the same time—which is not a thing that every philanthropist can compass. And for all these reasons—and, perhaps, for the sake also of her pretty eyes and merry laugh and girlish grace—Bernard Alston had fallen head over ears in love with her, and was hesitating as to how and when and where he should let her know it. It never occurred to him that perhaps she knew it already.

He was young, good-looking, clever, with just that touch of originality and spice of a daring spirit which was likely to appeal to Miss Kingsley's imagination, and he had a claim to social distinction of which nobody at the "Settlement" (as this society of charitable ladies dubbed itself) was aware. He was the nephew and direct heir of a certain noble peer, of whose wicked ways Mr. Alston had the courage to disapprove. He had cut himself off from the society of his uncle and his uncle's friends, and chosen to study medicine, and then to work among the poor at the East End. There are eccentric people everywhere, and Bernard—so his uncle said—was one of them. And to crown his eccentricity he had fallen in love with one of the "workers," a girl who was industriously qualifying herself to earn her bread. His uncle wanted him to marry a certain Lady Mary Somebody with fifteen thousand a year. The Settlement knew him as a rather shabby young doctor, just struggling into a scanty practice in a poverty-stricken district. He liked himself best in this character, and used to vow that he would never marry a woman with a fortune.

In the house where a good deal of the charitable work done by the ladies of the Settlement was carried on many of the rooms were very bare in appearance. There was one on the ground-floor which contained a desk, a wooden arm-chair, a bookcase, and a bench, not to speak of a map of London on one wall and an autotype engraving over the

mantelpiece; but this was sumptuous furnishing, for the sake of visitors, and not repeated in the rooms upstairs. Miss Kingsley was leaning on the desk as she talked to a working girl in an ulster and feathered hat, and on catching sight of Mr. Alston at the half-open door she called to him to come in. "Will you come and listen to Nan Emery?" she said. And Alston entered willingly.

Nan Emery nodded to him with a faint smile. She had heavy features, a black fringe down to her eyebrows, and a not unpleasing expression of countenance; but it was plain that she had also a grievance.

"Three 'underd an' twenty pound," she remarked, turning towards him at once, and repeating her story, "which my uncle as come from Ameriky lef' to me an' my sisters, each on us, to 'ave when we was



"Will you come and listen to Nan Emery?"

twenty-one. Well, I was twenty-one two weeks ago, an' the lawyer chap 'e was obliged for to give me the money, though 'e didn't want to, not 'e."

"You're a lucky girl to have three hundred and twenty pounds," said Mr. Alston, pleasantly; "I wish I had."

"It don't seem to bring me much luck," said Nan, looking down.

"Money seldom does, I think," murmured Miss Kingsley. "Go on, Nan."

"Me an' my young man," said Nan, "as come to words about that theer three 'underd pound. 'E says 'e'll 'ave no more to do with me unless I 'ands it hover to 'im; an', as I tells 'im, it's *my* money, an' not his."

"You're quite right on that point, Nan. But what does he want to do with it?"

"'E wants a barrer an' a moke of 'is hown," said Nan. "'E's tired of a barsket. 'E says we might get married an' set up a stall, too—make a fortun' a' most, 'e says we might."

"Well?" said Mr. Alston, seeing that there was more to come.

Nan's next remarks sounded at first irrelevant. "Father's out o' work," she said, "an' mother's nigh wore out with the childring—four little uns an' one of 'em a cripple. It's father's second wife, y'see, an' my two sisters, as got their three 'underd, went an'

spent it all on the spree with their blokes, an' never did nothink for father."

"And you would rather do something for your father?"

"That's hit," said Nan, with evident relief. "It 'ud set father hup a bit; an' I'd buy mother a mangle, and the little chap could be got into a lovely place at Folkestone, an' they hall want new clothes an' boots an' things terrible bad; but Joe says 'tain't my business, an' I ought for

to buy 'im a barrer an' a moke. So I come to see what the lidy thought about it."

"And what does the lady think?" asked Bernard.

"I think Nan is quite right, and very generous and good," said Miss Kingsley, impulsively. "What business has Joe to interfere?"

"And I think you'd be better without Joe than with him," said Mr. Alston. "He has no right to live on your money, and you ought to have perfect control over it, especially when you want to use it as you do."

"Yus," said Nan. "I don't think me an' Joe 'ud pull together very well. If 'e 'ad a moke, I doubt but what 'e 'd starve an' beat it," she added reflectively. "I'd rather buy the mangle, an' send Charley to

"Indeed?"—still more blankly. "Miss Spinner told me she hoped you would stay at least until Christmas."

"Yes," said Maud, demurely; "they offered me a post as a paid worker—a great compliment, I think. But I am wanted elsewhere."

"A better post, I suppose?" said Mr. Alston.

"I don't know," she answered, rather gravely. "I am not sure. But it is in the country, and I think it is my duty to go."

"Ah!"—he drew a long breath—"with you duty always comes first. Now, I—I am like other men, as Nan Emery would say: I think of myself."

"Indeed you don't, Mr. Alston," said Maud, indignantly. "I hear everybody say how much you do for others."

"I am thinking of myself now," said Alston in a quicker tone. "If you were not so unselfish, I should never dare to speak. But you know what it is like to live here and work among the poor. Why should you take another post? Why—why—"

His incoherent speech came to a momentary stop, and Maud, colouring with something deeper than surprise, took up the word.

"There is no opening for me here, you know. There is a post vacant for me in the north."

"There is one vacant for you here," said Bernard, whimsically. "I love you—I want you to stay—I want you to be my wife." He came closer as he spoke, and ventured to lay his hand on hers. "Won't you, Maud?"

She lifted her dark eyes to his and smiled—shyly, but very happily, after all.

"What about my post in the north, then?" she inquired, when a blissful five minutes had been passed.

"You must throw it over. You can do that, can't you? Maud, you will marry me at once, will you not? I can't bear the idea of your having to work for yourself, to earn money for yourself, when I have enough for us both."

"Have you enough?" she asked quickly, and for the moment he thought it an odd question.

"Very little, my darling, but I think we may make it do—that is, if you are not afraid of poverty. You are marrying a poor man, Maud."

"And you—a working woman," she said, with eyes cast down.

"I am very glad of it," said Alston, drawing her close to him with his arm. "I would not have asked you to marry me if you had been anything else." And he thought of Lady Mary and the chances that he had thrown away, and was glad.



He thought of Lady Mary and the chances that he had thrown away, and was glad.

Folkestone—though Joe 'll tike up with that red-haired Mary O'Brien if I do."

"Let him!" said Miss Kingsley, hotly. "Nan, I think Joe's a brute."

"It's no wuss than hother's," answered Nan, softly. "Men allus do seem to think o' theirselves fust." And she departed, somewhat comforted by Maud's sympathy and Mr. Alston's assurance that he would see Joe for her on the morrow.

"Do men always think of themselves first?" said Miss Kingsley, looking up at Bernard with a smile when the girl was gone.

"I hope not," he answered seriously. "But no woman should have money."

Nan had closed the door behind her. The two young people were alone. The gas glared shamelessly above their heads, and to Bernard, at least, the summer heat seemed stifling.

"May I lower the gas a little?" he asked. "This room's very hot. How can you work here night after night?"

"I don't feel it. And I am going away for a holiday next week."

"Oh!"—rather blankly. "For how long?"

"I am not sure that I am coming back."



"I thought you were a working woman."

"If I came into a fortune, like Nan Emery," said Maud, with a little laugh, "what should you say or do?"

"I hope that I shouldn't behave like Joe," he answered mirthfully; "but how should I answer for myself, when the respective claims of mangles and mokes came to be adjusted?"

"It would be different," she said sweetly, "because we should both want the same things, and if I wanted a mangle you would not insist upon a moke."

"Exactly."

"Mind you keep your word," she said, and looked so oddly mischievous and pretty that he forgot to ask her what she meant.

Mr. Alston wrote two letters before he went to bed that night. One was addressed to his uncle, and announced his entire resignation of Lady Mary and his Lordship's favour; the other to Maud's father, to whom his *fiancée* had bidden him write at once. To this unknown gentleman, whom he vaguely set down as a farmer, he wrote a manly and straightforward letter, detailing his very poor prospects, and asking, nevertheless, for consent to his marriage with Maud. In a couple of days he received a furious note from Lord Alstonbury and a civil one from Mr. Kingsley, with an invitation to come down to the Kingsleys' house (Greystoke, Halbury, Yorkshire—an address which told him nothing) as soon as he could spare the time.

A fortnight later, therefore, he stepped out of a third-class railway carriage, at the close of a broiling day in August, and stood on the platform of a little wayside station, wondering that neither Maud nor her father had come to meet him. There was certainly a rough-looking farmer at one end of the platform, and an exceedingly smart, cockaded groom at the other; but neither of these personages could, he decided, have any connection with himself or Maud. For a moment he marvelled how he was supposed to find his way to Greystoke, then he lifted his portmanteau and was looking round for a porter, when, to his infinite surprise, he was accosted by the smart groom with the cockade.

"Beg pardon, Sir, Mr. Alston? Allow me, Sir. The carriage is waiting outside, Sir."

Bernard followed him to the gate, where a mail phaeton, drawn by two very spirited chestnuts, was waiting. And it was Maud who had the reins in her hands.

"Jump up," she said. "I couldn't leave the horses, you see. Isn't it a lovely day? We have five miles to drive."

It was a delightful drive. They had so much to say to one another that Bernard forgot to ask the meaning of the smart groom and prancing horses, which had for the moment puzzled him. "Probably her father deals in horseflesh," he would have said to himself if he had considered the matter.

But the stately avenues of the park, which by-and-by they reached; the terraced mansion, with mullioned windows and carved stones; the well-trained servants of the house, and the fine old rooms, of which the air breathed culture and refinement as well as luxury—these could never belong to the horse-breeding farmer, as Bernard had decided that Maud's father was likely to be. And the courtly old gentleman, with his still beautiful wife, who bade him welcome as a son completely took Bernard's breath away. He looked to Maud for some explanation, but she gave him none.

There was a dinner party that night, and to Bernard's still greater astonishment the guest of the evening turned out to be Lord Alstonbury, who greeted him with a beaming face, and on getting him into a corner after dinner congratulated him on securing for himself the daughter of a millionaire.

"And I thought you were a working woman!" he said afterwards to Maud with keen reproach.

"So I am, dear—just as much; but you told me you would not have me if I had a fortune, so I took warning. And we are not likely to quarrel like Joe and Nan over what I do with my money, are we?"

"I must take warning, too," he answered; but he said it with a smile. "I don't quite want you to say of me as Nan said of Joe, that men always think of themselves first."

"Nan and Joe taught us some useful lessons, I think," said Miss Kingsley, with quite unexpected gravity.

A LENT LAMENT.

"I've a story, dear, that's funny"—

"No, it's Lent."

"Can you let me have some money?"

"No, it's Lent."

"Do not wear that flashy bonnet

With the flowering garden on it;

No, my dear, you shall not don it,

For it's Lent."

"We must dress in garments sober,

For it's Lent.

Something quiet, like October,

For it's Lent.

And when Ferdinand, entrancing,

Up the steps is proudly prancing,

You must keep your heart from dancing,

For it's Lent!"

New York Recorder.

A CHAT WITH MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

A RETROSPECT.

The approach to Percy Villa, which stands in its own grounds at the end of a *cul-de-sac* leading out of the South Lambeth Road, could scarcely be described as grand. Surroundings, however, count for nothing when once you are within its doors, your attention being monopolised entirely by its exceptionally interesting interior. If you were a stranger, there



AS TONY LUMPKIN IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

would be no need to ask if Mr. Lionel Brough resided there on the door being opened, for caricatures of him, with those of many a fellow-actor, face you on the walls of the hall; indeed, art in its every treatment encounters you all over the house. It is seldom that one meets with such excellent examples of representative art in black-and-white, water and oil colours, in a private house. Introductions to Mrs. Brough, one of the most kindly of hostesses, to Miss Mary, who spends a good deal of time on a certain house-boat, and to Miss Margaret precede your chat with the well-known actor in the drawing-room, formerly devoted to billiards.

"Come and see my canaries," Mr. Brough facetiously remarked, as we strolled towards the window opening on to the garden, and I smiled as I watched a score of London sparrows bathing in the basin of a playing fountain. With his fore-paws on the bottom step of the garden *escalier*, a fine Danish boarhound would fain have mounted to greet his master; but the jealous growl of a Chow-Chow dog, a house pet, warned him that farther he might not venture.

"We are hemmed in now pretty nearly with bricks and mortar; but when we came to live here, twenty-four years ago—both my youngest children were born here—there was a fine avenue of elms down to the little river Effra, up which, it is said, Queen Elizabeth once sailed in her barge as far as Brixton, and only lately Warleigh Cottage, where her head-fen huntsman resided—for this part was then all fen country, and herons abounded—was pulled down.

Turning from the window, we sat down near the fire in this interesting room, with its old-world air of comfort, its Chippendale furniture, and its big sofas. Here and there I espied a figure by Cosway; the portrait of "Mr. Quick," the actor, by Hogarth; caricatures by Cruikshank; Edmund Kean as a boy, by Christie; a landscape by C. J. Matthews, another by Joe Jefferson, and so on. Then, on the sideboard, I observed a Sèvres and ormolu clock, a present from the company of Covent Garden Theatre, and close by a biscuit-box, the gift of Abraham Lincoln to Professor Anderson, while the bookshelves were evidently rich in dramatic literature, notably with a beautiful and complete edition of Mrs. Inchbald's works.

"What an amount of reminiscences you must be able to recall connected with Bohemian life, especially anent theatrical and club life, Mr. Brough!"

"Yes, indeed, considering that I have been in those circles quite forty years. I'm sort of 'father' of the Savage Club, you know, as I'm

the only surviving member of the nine who started it. It may interest you to hear how that came about. It was in this way: a number of young literary men and their friends used to meet every day and dine together in one of the old-fashioned 'chop-boxes' at the White Hart. You know the place, at the corner of Exeter and Catherine Streets; but the people in the next boxes to ours seemed to be more interested in our conversation than in their own, and so they used rather to annoy us by peeping over the partitions and listening. So Frederick Lawrence, the part author of 'Kenilworth,' you may remember, suggested our moving into a private room at the Crown Tavern (now a broker's shop), in Vinegar Yard. Once settled there, we 'scooted' around for members, but there was at that time no subscription. As to the title, it arose partly from the fact that my brother Bob was a great admirer of Richard Savage, and thought we might call ourselves the 'Savage Club,' as it might be construed into 'the followers of poor Richard Savage' (a Bohemian), or that we might be *the* savages, who were more or less outside the pale of civilisation. But we became veritable savages when J. Deffitt Francis, a Swansea man, brought a lot of shields, spears, and feather head-gear as a present, which formed the nucleus of our present Savage Club decorations. Then, I was one of the original members of the Green Room Club, which was started in a room over the Vaudeville, and I was one of the founders of the Junior Garrick, the Crichton, and the Eccentric Clubs."

"A good number of new theatres must have been opened during your career?"

"I should think so, indeed; and I have been godfather to a few, which means that I have spoken the first words ever uttered on their stages. I remember paying five shillings to a minor actor to let me speak the opening lines at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, which were 'Silence, ladies and gentlemen, for a song—the Squire's going to knock himself down for a song.' As to the number of theatres I have played in, I daresay many other actors may have beaten my record, for I have never played in very small theatres—indeed, in none that would hold less than fifty pounds a night."

"And your first appearance before the footlights, Mr. Brough?"

"Ah! that carries one back a good bit. Well, my first part was as Count Carboniferus in 'Prince Prettipet and the Butterfly,' with Madame

Vestris, at the Lyceum. But before that I had been office-boy and general factotum to John Timbs on the *Illustrated News*, and after my first year's dramatic experience I went back to newspaper work. I was five years on the *Morning Star*, and do you know that I published the first number of the *Daily Telegraph*?"

"Had you not at one time something to do with the Polytechnic?"

"Rather. I used to recite burlesque versions of 'Cinderella' and of 'Der Freischütz,' conjointly written by all the first burlesque writers of the day, and I had to sing twenty-eight songs every evening. I used to work the 'Pepper's Ghost,' too. You remember that? Professor Pepper



AS BOB ACRES.

Drawn by Phil May.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

IN "THE MOUNTBANKS."

bought the trick from Tobin, who picked it up quite accidentally while walking down Regent Street. He had observed that he was reflected quite life-like in the plate-glass windows of the shops when they were only half-lighted inside. I recollect going down to Windsor and giving the performance before the Court. The late Emperor Frederick, when Crown Prince of Germany, particularly wanted to be initiated into the trick of the illusion, so I agreed to enlighten him, provided he promised not to start an opposition show! You should have seen the Princess Royal start when I ran my sword through his reflection! In connection with the ghost business, I wrote 'The Dead Drummer of Salisbury Plain' and a 'Knight Watching his Armour'—I forget the correct title—and a lot of short sketches. I did these at the Crystal Palace for a long time."

"I don't want to trouble you for a strict chronological account of your dramatic career, but a few of its salient points would certainly be interesting."

"Well, my most important one was when I appeared with the Savage Club in 'The Forty Thieves' before the Queen, Prince Consort, Prince of Wales, and nearly all the Royal Family. It was for the benefit of one of our members, Dr. Franke, and was one of the most wonderful 'houses' I ever played to. We realised nearly £500."

"Another of my never-to-be-forgotten experiences was certainly the production of the famous 'Babil and Bijou,' one of the most extravagantly mounted pieces ever put on. Why, the cost of the unused properties must alone have amounted to thousands! I had a nice time of it. Boucicault had had a quarrel with the authorities, and went away within three days of the opening night, and so I had to bear the whole brunt of the management for seven months and a-half; but it was a gigantic failure. We employed 482 persons, and our nightly expenses were £250, but after the first six weeks we never once got that amount into the house. I remember that I was tremendously chaffed for putting red lobsters at the bottom of the ocean, but the idiots didn't know a lobster from a cray-fish."

"Didn't you play a good deal in company with Nelly Farren?"

"Oh, certainly, both at the Gaiety and on tour, when we did a series of comedies and burlesques."

"That was long before Fred Leslie's time?"

"Oh, dear, yes. My first acquaintance with Leslie—he bore his own

name, Hobson, at that time—was at the Royalty. Somehow, he had the run of the theatre, and used to sit in the stalls and watch the rehearsals. In a short time he knew everyone's part, and would play it when occasion offered. He was even willing to take a permanent part gratuitously, but I pointed out that that was not fair to the profession, so I think he afterwards got one pound a week. When we determined to put on 'Paul Pry' we were in straits about a Captain Hardy. While we were talking it over, my eye fell on Leslie, who was lounging about, and



AS THE BEADLE IN "NELL GWYNNE."

Drawn by Phil May.

I asked him if he had ever played the part in the provinces. 'Yes, a few times.' 'Well, then, come to rehearsal to-morrow morning,' I replied. Nine days after we played 'Paul Pry,' and never shall I forget his inimitable Captain Hardy in bearing and get-up. After the curtain was down I congratulated him most warmly. 'By-the-bye, where did you play the part before?' 'Never before,' he replied, 'but I wasn't going to let the chance slip you gave me.' He must have gone to Lacy's and bought the play and have sat up all night to learn it. 'That young fellow will make a mark in the world' was my inward reflection, and you see how right I was."

"You were speaking just now of 'Babil and Bijou' having been a financial failure, but I suppose you have 'struck ile' sometimes?"

"Oh, yes. One of my lucky hits was being interested in Farnie's 'La Mascotte,' which I brought out in conjunction with Miss Lydia Thompson and the late Mr. Henderson, in which I played King Laurent II. I had been with Henderson before, in Liverpool, early in my career; indeed, I was with him four years and a-half before I came to settle in London. My first important engagement was at the Queen's in 1867, where I played Dard to Miss Hodson's Jacintha in the play, by Charles Reade, 'The Double Marriage.' Afterwards Toole joined us, and I played with him in 'Dearer than Life.' I wish he would revive that piece. Another great success of my life was appearing as Captain John Smith in 'Pocahontas,' an excellent character, by-the-way, at the St. James's, under Mrs. John Wood. She was the first manageress to put on comedies properly, especially as to properties. We had real Chippendale furniture, and all the unities were realistically observed in respect to other details."

"From your manner, I gather that you love the old comedies?"

"You are quite right. I revel in the old comedies. I have played in them whenever I have got the chance; but of all the characters I delight in Tony Lumpkin the most. I have played him 776 times, and I mean to make my score of 777, if I have to play him in the Theatre

Royal, Back Drawing-Room. I had a good time in legitimate comedy with Miss Litton and Miss Kate Vaughan."

"And, of course, you admire the low comedy parts in Shakspeare?"

"You are right again. Take, for instance, the host of the Garter, in the 'Merry Wives.' It is really a great part, short as it is, and is a character round which all the other comedians in the play revolve, like around a pivot; I was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree when I played it. The first grave-digger in 'Hamlet' is also a favourite personation of mine. By-the-way, I think it is a mistake to portray the second grave-digger as a senile personage instead of as a lout. And in relation to this matter I should like to know the origin of the grave-digger putting on and taking off the twelve waistcoats! It is a bit of traditional business for which I cannot at all account, and one which I have never adopted."

"And now as to your appearances abroad?"

"Well, I was once in America with the Violet Cameron Company, but it ended in a fiasco. My trip to South Africa, although there was plenty of hard work, was agreeable on the whole. In South Africa we played thirty-two pieces in eight months, and had thirty weeks of rehearsal; indeed, we were so used to rehearsal that we didn't know what to do with ourselves during the last six weeks. Travelling was a different matter then to what it is now. From Kimberley to Pretoria it took 336 horses to transport the company, and the coach fare amounted to £260. It was a novel experience, and not altogether disagreeable, especially when we travelled through Natal, a paradise of country."

"And what has been the proudest moment of your life?"

"When they first put my name in letters on a play-bill. You see, I had been a bit jealous of my brothers William and Robert's reputations as playwrights and of John's as a scientist. Well, one day a bill had just been freshly pasted on a board outside the Lyceum with my name in the cast. I stood proudly before it. Presently a dirty



IN "THE PAPER CHASE."

little urchin came up, stopped, and gazed at it. 'Little boy,' said I, 'do you know whose name that is?' 'No, Sir, I don't.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you: that's mine.'

"I also have another red-letter day, one of my birthdays—March 10, 1883—on which occasion H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presented me a magnificent meerschaum pipe. I was playing in 'Rip Van Winkle' at the time. I need hardly tell you that this same pipe holds the place of honour among my *Lares et Penates*."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S NEW VOLUME.*

The most delightful quality of this book is the impersonality of the narration. The impersonal is not common in English fiction, which is apt to be overcharged with the individuality of our national genius, or what the foreign critic calls an excess of insular eccentricity. Mr. Hardy is not prone to this native exuberance, except, perhaps, in a certain emphasis of style, which sometimes borders on pedantry. It comes out in phrases which have an odd smack of Herbert Spencer, and suggest with an indescribably quaint kind of egoism that they figure in this frivolous show of fiction with a certain reluctance, and that they could an they would demean themselves in a vastly more dignified fashion in a sociological treatise. But there is a real

impersonality in Mr. Hardy's attitude towards his "little ironies." He does not thrust them upon you with a smirk, as who should say, "Did you ever see anything so deuced odd in the whole course of your life?" He has the true air of a collector of human curios, who takes them one by one out of the case—queer bits of character, fantastic whims of destiny, primitive impulse, making small cracks and fissures here and there in the crust of convention—and, letting them speak for themselves, betrays no bias save the faintest suspicion now and then of a quizzical smile. This method imparts a sort of quintessential savour which lingers on the palate need scarcely be said. The best proof of it to me is that I can read "For Conscience' Sake," "The Fiddler of the Reels," and "On the Western Circuit," for instance, again and again with an unwearied relish. Irony, as it is commonly understood by the British novel-reader, is a malignant faculty exercised by a saturnine mind for the sake of mocking our fondest hopes and illusions. But in these stories irony becomes a vintage, a pure juice of Nature, which, by a little judicious tapping, Mr. Hardy draws, so to speak, from the wood. Take "For Conscience' Sake," which is the story of a man who makes tardy reparation to the woman he has wronged. He has let twenty years pass before his conscience pricks him to the performance of his plain duty; but the moralist must applaud him for this resolve, belated as it is, to acknowledge one of the gravest obligations. The assumption of a self-respecting optimism is that in such a case all will at last go well. On the contrary, it goes very ill. The repentant seducer becomes to the eye of the world the stepfather of his own daughter; but the physical resemblance between them is fatally disclosed to her lover, a curate, during the qualms of seasickness. Had father and child not gone for a sail on a choppy sea, the curate's suspicions might never have been excited. He retires to his curacy in enigmatical silence; the girl is distracted, and has to be told the truth; and, finally, it is borne in upon the conscience-stricken parent that he is in a fair way to ruin the lives which he sought to shelter under the formularies of the marriage service. So he settles a comfortable income on his wife and child, changes his name, retires to Brussels, and, having learned that his daughter's happiness is safely and legally in the curate's hands, takes to tippling.

To the reader who believes that a moral rule has a kind of supernatural potency over all the rebellious elements of life this story must be somewhat of a shock. Possibly he is even more disturbed by the manner in which an unwelcome paternity is revealed. Usually this is done in fiction with dramatic impressiveness. In "Felix Holt," for example, there is an angry scene between two men in front of a glass, and just as the younger man lifts his hand to strike, the elder exclaims, "Do—I am your father!" and, glancing at the reflection, the son perceives the likeness as by a flash. This is effective enough; it would be still more effective on the stage. But Nature does not always, nor often, perhaps, choose the grand manner in unfolding her secrets. She is apt to be sly, even Mephistophelian, and a trifle coarse. It is not nice, when father and daughter are very uncomfortable in a boat, to perceive a family resemblance peeping impishly through their physical misery, and flitting away when they are once more on *terra firma*. The

romantic reader will say "Faugh!" and the superior clubman, with a fine University drawl, will take up his parable in the smoking-room against "that disgusting story, dontcherknow, which I have not read, but I am told—aw—that it actually unveils a disgraceful intrigue—aw—when two people are—aw—sea-sick." We all know that subtle and fastidious critic who discourses on books he has not opened and plays he has not seen with as much confidence as if he were writing the ten tables of stone amidst the mists on Mount Sinai. It would be useless to solicit his suffrage for the heroine of "The Fiddler of the Reels," who has two admirers in her village—a vagabond musician and an honest mechanic. Tired of her coquetties, the mechanic seeks his fortune in London, and four years later learns from his old sweetheart that she is willing to marry him if he will have her. He begs her to come to town, and she arrives one wet day with a child of three tugging at her hand; whereupon ensues this delectable colloquy: "Who is this—somebody you know?" asked Ned, curiously. "Yes, Ned; she's mine!" "Yours?" "Yes—my own." "Your own child?" "Yes!" "Well, as God's in—" "Ned, I didn't name it in my letter,



He made her swear before a little cross and shrine in his bed-room that she would not wed Edward Hobson without his consent.—"The Son's Veto."

because, you see, it would have been so hard to explain. I thought that when we met I could tell you how she happened to be born so much better than in writing. I hope you'll excuse it this once, dear Ned, and not scold me, now I've come so many, many miles.' 'This means Mr. Mop Ollamour, I reckon,' said Hyperoft, gazing palely at them from the distance of the yard or two to which he had withdrawn with a start. Carline gasped. 'But he's been gone away for years,' she supplicated. 'And I never had a young man before! I was so unlucky as to be caught the first time, though some of the girls down there go on like anything.' The spectacle of the two poor creatures, hungry, cold, and forlorn, works upon the mechanic's feelings, till he accepts the position without any rhetorical emotion, and step-fathers another man's child till Mr. Mop Ollamour whisks her off, after hypnotising her mother with his fatal fiddle.

Another study of the womankind who are so easily subjugated by the virile male occurs in "On the Western Circuit." A young barrister becomes enamoured of a pretty housemaid, whom he discovers riding on a hobby-horse in a circus. With lamentable ease and expedition he leads her astray. Her mistress, who sees him once, is also struck by his masculine graces (they seem to be irresistible dogs on the Western Circuit), and she willingly accedes to the housemaid's request that his

* "Life's Little Ironies." By Thomas Hardy. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

letters shall be answered by Mrs. Harnham and not by Anna. This deception is practised because the girl is afraid that if he discovers how illiterate she is he will not keep his promise and marry her. So he is delighted to receive missives as impassioned as his own, and full of all the pent-up affection which the married woman has not been able to bestow on an elderly spouse, and which blindly obeys the superior sexual attraction of the stranger. "That he had been able to seduce another woman in two days was his crowning, though unrecognised, fascination for her as the she-animal." In the end the barrister marries Anna, and the act is barely done when he discovers the fraud. The scene between the disillusioned husband and the woman who has caused the tragedy touches a rare note of despairing pathos: "Legally I have married her—God help us both! In soul and spirit I have married you, and no other woman in the world!" "Hush!" "But I will not hush! Why should you try to disguise the full truth, when you have already owned half of it? Yes, it is between you and me that the bond is—not between me and her. Now I'll say no more. But, O my cruel one, I think I have one claim upon you!" She did not say what, and he drew her towards him and bent over her. "If it was all pure invention in those letters," he said emphatically, "give me your cheek only. If you meant what you said, let it be lips. It is for the first and last time, remember!" She put up her mouth and he kissed her long. "You forgive me?" she said, crying. "Yes." "But you are ruined!" "What matter!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "It serves me right." I am glad to say there is fortitude as well as amorous recklessness on the Western Circuit, and the reader who likes implacable justice ought to be gratified by the judicial verdict which the barrister pronounces on himself. It entitles him to promotion by-and-by. The irony has almost as deep a tinge in "A Son's Veto," in which a servant who has married above her is prevented from consoling her widowhood with a mate of her own station by her son, who has become a pillar of the Church. Whimsical, Puck-like, tragic by turns, these "little ironies" are relieved by some delicious sketches of rural life and character, drawn (if I may return to my original simile) from Mr. Hardy's mellowest bin. The book is full of humour and humanity.

L. F. A.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Bret Harte goes on his old way—a very good way, too, and not monotonous. Story-tellers with newer tricks have hardly more varied ones. Road-agents, only a trifle less picturesque and quite as romantically clever as our own old highwaymen, wild and mostly innocent elopements, provincial American shrewdness set against high Spanish grandeeism, ghosts, buried treasure, and ruffians with tender spots in their hearts, are the attraction of the tales under cover of "A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's (Chatto and Windus), and they make about as wholesome a bit of light reading as anything to be seen or heard of at the libraries just now.

Mr. W. P. James knows how to chat amiably on literary things without giving these the air of "shop." In his "Romantic Professions" (Mathews and Lane) he takes subjects that have once been burning questions to the scribblers, but have come to be rubbed down and polished so as to be suitable for drawing-rooms and intellectual boudoirs. While he is thus forced to utter a good many generalities, some platitudes, and too many complacencies, he has left himself liberty to be amusing, even original, as well as invariably good-natured and well-bred.

There is a delightful essay, for instance, on the occupations a romance writer, with any thought of success, may give his heroes. "What poet or romancer ever made his first lover, for example, a bailiff or a beadle? Yet bailiffs and beadles are men and brothers." Sentiment is most unjust in the matter, but all-powerful. There is another pleasant one on the age of romance—Juliet's age or maturity? Shakspeare is all for precocity: civilisation pooh-poohs it. Perhaps Mr. James comes to the right conclusion: "At whatever age one finds one's self, to be persuaded that that is the age of romance, is not this the true elixir of perpetual youth?"

A good-natured attack on the "Great Work" fetish is the next best. "The longest of the Platonic dialogues," he says, "is not longer than a shilling story-book, and Descartes' 'Discours' can be read almost at a sitting." A good many of the great works of the world have been undertaken light-heartedly, with no flare of trumpets and no solemnity of mien.

"At least," he cries, "let no critic or anxious relative give the impetus to the *Magnum Opus*. Upon a rational calculation of the chances, it seems wiser for a young man just to rejoice in his youth than to use it up preparing or projecting a monumental history, or a 'System of Synthetic Philosophy,' or a 'Key to all the Mythologies'; for all which things, too, remember, God will bring him to judgment." Mr. James is a pleasant and wholesome talker.

And so the "Junius" controversy is settled at last. Most of us thought it was settled long ago beyond dispute; but it appears there were one or two threads in the evidence not perfectly complete, and Mr. H. R. Francis, grandson of "Junius," has now made good the very last deficiencies in the web in his "Junius Revealed" (Longmans). The completing evidence turns most frivolously on some love verses, the envelope of which Francis incautiously addressed in his feigned hand, and the authorship of which he owned to years afterwards.

Still, Taylor, Parkes, Merivale, and Thistleton had done nearly all the identification before, and the justification of the new book is that it contains some interesting family traditions of the fiery and most original old Sir Philip. Francis's pride in the letters is well known; but in his grandson's book there is repeated the pathetic suggestion of how much he regretted that at the end of his life "*Stat nominis umbra*" was still the inevitable motto of his cherished work. He was a doughty warrior, and where a man of his temperament fights the controversy does not soon lose its interest.

From various volumes of Dr. Gordon Hake's poems Mrs. Meynell has made a very careful selection, and Messrs. Mathews and Lane have given them to the world in attractive form, with Rossetti's portrait of the poet as a frontispiece. That anything really poor or weak could pass Mrs. Meynell's somewhat over-vigilant censorship was impossible, and so it is but the cream of his verse we get. Still, he wrote, we are reminded by a line or two here and there, at a time when Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy" was a possible production for a man of letters.

Luckily, his notes are mostly his own, and they have a grave sweetness about them that is very winning. The picturesque gloom of one or two poems like "Let the Dead bury their Dead" and "The Snake Chainer" would have been morbid and repellent in a man of weaker imagination, and his imagination was undoubtedly strong when it was burning at all.

Gordon Hake's "Old Souls" should be more popular than it is. Not the best fashioned, it is the most sympathetic. The divine tinker going up and down the world with his cry of "Old souls to mend," and his custom and his customers, are finely described. Here are detached two verses, by way of sample—

And when to church their sins they take,
And bring them back to lunch again,
And fun of empty sermons make,
He whispers softly in their train,
And sits with them if two or more
Think of a promise made of yore.

He goes to hear the grand debate
That makes his own religion law;
But him the members, as he sate
Below the gangway, never saw.
They used his name to serve their end,
And others left old souls to mend.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is to pay a visit to the Bahamas, where he intends to make a stay for two or three weeks. He may also pay a visit to this country within the next three or four months. Mr. Kipling's new book will be called "Beast Stories; the Jungle Book."

It looks as if Jókai's jubilee were to bring him popularity in England too. For some years past translations of his works have been appearing; one, at least, was published by Messrs. Cassell, "Dr. Dumany's Wife," and Mr. Nisbet Bain translated another for Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen the other day.

Now he has the honour of paper covers and a sale at ninepence, since Messrs. Warne have published a collection of his earliest stories under the name of "In Love with the Czarina." They are capital of their kind; but their kind is not generally considered popular. The two first are admirably vigorous historical pictures, the heroes of which are the notorious Pugatscheff and Timour the Tartar. Whether or not they are the kind of thing that sells in paper covers at ninepence, they are very representative of one side of Jókai—his absorbing passion for history, universal history.

They are stirring addresses, those by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. Sigerson, and Mr. Douglas Hyde to the Irish Literary Society, reprinted by Mr. Fisher Unwin in a little shilling shamrock-covered book, under the name of "The Revival of Irish Letters." Altogether different in the form of their appeal, they all aim at the same end. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's inspiration comes from the Young Ireland time. Over all this half-century of disappointment his heart has kept its faith, and there is no more hopeful voice than his, hopeful as to the end—"to make of our Celtic people all they are fit to become"—and hopeful as to the means, not by politics alone, or chiefly, but by the humanising influence of letters and art.

The address most full of matter is Dr. Sigerson's. It makes its points forcibly. One is already, except in narrow circles, acknowledged—the magnificent result of the blending of the Teutonic genius, in its more imaginative Danish form, and the Celtic, as exemplified in the old Sagas. The other is bolder, but Dr. Sigerson has learning enough to uphold it, and he states it in popular words, but definitely enough here—namely, the debt all modern European poetical literature owes, not only as to matter, but as to form, to Celtic art. Out of a farther, greater past than '43 does Dr. Sigerson draw his hope.

Dr. Hyde's paper, though serious and full of the marks of a scholar and an enthusiast, is amusing. An appeal for native speech, native names, games, songs, it is also a sound rating of the snobbishness or timidity of Irishmen in trying to Anglicise themselves. Anglicised in a good sense they have never become, only vulgarised, so far as their attempts have been serious.

O. O.

A CHAT WITH MRS. ERNEST NORMAND.

There was a distinct promise of spring in the air one sunshiny February afternoon as I wound my way, somewhat breathlessly, up one of the



Photo by H. T. Reed, London.

MISS HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND).

ascending roads in the near vicinity of the Crystal Palace. At the summit of the hill stood a big red-brick villa, set back in a rambling garden, where the yellow crocus was already shooting forth, slim and cheerful. Standing before the hall-door of "Aucklands" there was a remarkably expansive view, the clearness of the atmosphere helping one to see many miles round, while a playful spring wind swept right across the country with invigoration in its touch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand, the artist couple, were both at home, but in their big studio, where very shortly Mrs. Normand conducted me, and while Mr. Normand, after a cordial greeting, once more settled himself before his picture, Mrs. Normand drew up a chair beside me in preparation for a chat.

"You still sign your paintings under your maiden name?" I asked, noticing "H. Rae" on a canvas.

"Yes; I am still spoken of as Miss Henrietta Rae, though, as a matter of fact, I don't think I did any work of much importance before my marriage."

"You are English, I presume?"

"English born and a Cockney, having been born and brought up in Bayswater, but I have French blood in my veins, my grandmother being a Frenchwoman."

"And what led you to adopt the career of an artist?"

"It was my father's wish, and at a very early age I was sent to the Female School of Art, Queen Square. I was only eleven when I entered. I think I was the youngest pupil there," said Mrs. Normand, slowly, with that curious drawl which distinguishes her speech and is in contradistinction to her animated face and big brown eyes. "I went to the British Museum and studied there, at the Academy, and elsewhere, in just the ordinary way; but I was lazy, exceedingly lazy—in fact, I don't think I ever knew such an idle girl as I was in the beginning of my career."

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Mr. Normand, warmly.

"From the fact of my wife having commenced so early, she doubtless felt she had plenty of time before her, and there was not that eager desire for immediate achievement which you see when a student takes up art at seventeen or eighteen years of age. Nevertheless, there is a facility in manipulation which belongs exclusively to the artist who studies early in life."

"Anyhow, I did not work at all industriously till I was married. My husband and I were students together at the Museum and the Academy, and when we were married there grew up a friendly spirit of rivalry between us, which seemed to awaken my ambition."

"My dear," put in Mr. Normand once more, "you did very good work before that time. You exhibited at the Academy for five years previous to our marriage."

"With what picture did you first make your mark?"

But Mrs. Normand did not feel inclined to answer this question, so her husband replied: "The 'Ariadne,' which was well hung in the Royal Academy in 1885, was the first picture that brought her into prominence. Since 1879 my wife has contributed regularly to the Academy, the Grosvenor, and the New Gallery, not to speak of minor exhibitions and the round of the provincial galleries at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and the other big towns. 'Doubts,' exhibited the year following 'Ariadne,' was considered a success, and 'Eurydice,' hung at the Academy a couple of years after 'Ariadne,' obtained a medal at the last Paris Universal Exhibition."

"Did you study art in any of the Continental schools?" I inquired, watching Mrs. Normand flit to and fro in the preparation of afternoon tea.

"No, not at all. A month's visit to Paris counts for nothing; but I have exhibited in the Munich and Berlin International Exhibitions, and at Chicago, last year, I was invited to send work both for the men's and women's art section, and was awarded a medal for my contributions."

"Which picture of your own do you judge the best?"

"That is a very difficult question to answer. I think I like 'The Death of Procris,' perhaps because I took the most trouble with it and it sold so quickly; but some critics prefer my 'Zephyrus and Flora,' or 'La Cigale'; others the 'Ophelia,' which was purchased by the Liverpool Corporation."

"What brought you to the wilds of Norwood from the artistic corner of Kensington, where you resided formerly?"

"We had outgrown our old house, and my parents wished us to be near them," explained Mr. Normand. "As an inducement,

Mr. J. Miles. Mr. C. Dyall (Curator). Mr. A. Frazer. Mr. J. Towers.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Normand.

Mr. Rathbone. Mr. David Murray, A.R.A.

Photo by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

Mr. John Lea.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE OF THE LAST LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.

they built us this studio. Our own house is a few minutes' walk from here, but soon we shall have a house just adjoining this garden, and the two pieces of ground will be thrown into one."

"Still, we shall have a studio in town," remarked Mrs. Normand. "The light here is lovely. We could work every day this winter, and we devote ourselves completely to our art; but otherwise it is very dull, for we miss our fellow-workers at Kensington popping in and out our studio."

"And a big piece of work will, I suppose, be the result of this quiet year?"

"Yes; this is my picture, which is not yet finished," turning to a very large canvas, grouped with maidens. "It is 'Psyche before Venus.' I have taken it from Morris's 'Earthly Paradise,' where Psyche falls at the feet of the beautiful and jealous goddess, and the maidens round Venus scoff and laugh at her."

"It is her biggest effort," said Mr. Normand, proudly. "It is three years since my wife commenced it. Ill-health and other causes necessitated

"Oh! Ernest, do send in that one where we are all on pedestals," said Mrs. Normand, eagerly.

"Certainly not; the other people in that group would be down on us."

"You see," explained Mrs. Normand, "my husband, Mr. David Murray, and I were chosen to hang the pictures at the last Liverpool Exhibition."

"I think the only occasion on which such a task has been allotted to a woman," interpolated Mr. Normand.

"Well, they took us in an official group with the committee, but just for a joke we were afterwards photographed on pedestals, each of us striking an attitude after some statue, only I am afraid we all turned our heads to look at one man, whom you can see posed after the style of a fighting gladiator. I should like that group to appear"—and Mrs. Normand handed me the comical photograph for my inspection.

"My dear," remonstrated Mr. Normand, "it is very lucky that you have a husband to teach you prudence. If I gave up that photo I should have Mr. David Murray and all the others down on me for



MARIANA.—HENRIETTA RAE.

Photo by H. Dixon and Son, Albany Street, N.W.

a delay, and we did not want the work to be exhibited unless it were thoroughly finished, for a canvas like this will certainly make an epoch in woman's work."

"You think, then, that they have not excelled in art so far?"

"No; they have not yet done their own capabilities justice"—earnestly—"I believe in their talent, but their sex places them at a great disadvantage. Why, how few parents allow their daughters to join the night schools at all? My wife did, however, her people being above such convention, and for years she worked in evening classes after the day's work was over."

"Is it a fair question to ask if you think marriage a success when both husband and wife follow the same profession?"

"Well, there may be different opinions, but we know it to be a success," said Mr. Normand, emphatically. "We stimulate each other in every respect. We work together all day, and have the greatest sympathy and interest in each other's productions. Perhaps I have gone further than my wife in the theory and mathematics of art, but then she excels me in forming an opinion on artistic effects. Then, look how we can appreciate a holiday together! An artist whose wife is just the mother of his children goes off with another man friend for a jaunt, but we have the most lively times together, admiring the same things and enjoying the same pleasures. My advice to a professional man is, if he can find a woman clever enough in her own calling, to marry her."

"Will you now find me some nice photographs?" I asked after a while.

lowering their professional dignity by giving them away in such frivolous attitudes," and so, with a half-sigh at her husband's strongly expressed negative, Mrs. Normand slipped the group back again to the portfolio, and a little later I left the big studio with a bundle of photographs under my arm, which were all distinguished by a due amount of decorum.

L. E.

A MODEST MAN'S VIEWS.

I've fought the fight—it wasn't good—at least, I mustn't say so. For I'm a modest man withal, and trust I'll ever stay so. I've fought the fight, and yet, if I must honestly confess it, I always fought for my own hand, and trusted Heav'n to bless it.

And yet, if you'll reflect a while, I fancy you'll discover That even a philanthropist is often a self-lover: For instance, when he gives a labelled chapel to an abbey, Or, in a humbler walk, accords a sixpence to a cabby.

It seems to me an honour, like a Peerage or a Garter Is very often given by a sort of honest barter.

"I'm working for the public good" pays well for a profession, As frequently you'll notice at the ending of a session.—H. A. L.



LA CIGALE.—HENRIETTA RAE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. DIXON AND SON, ALBANY STREET, N.W.

THE MUSE OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

A May day, prematurely born to Father Time, made me throw open my window to the sunshine and the soft west wind. I was fain to close it in hot haste, to shut out the metallic hammering of a piano-organ, which suddenly burst into the "silent sea" of my fancies with a persistently *staccato* version of "After the Ball."

My first impulse was to use what City Hebes call "langwidge," yet the fierce onslaught had burst open a cell in my memory, whence suddenly started into life many music-hall ditties of other days, long dormant—and I listened.

With crudities and asperities filtered off through thick plate-glass, the melody was not unpleasing. Then I thought of the words—the Cockney rhymes, the dissonant appeal to "Uncle," the sloppy sentiment—and shuddered.

The organ-fiend fired off a Chevalier of the rollicking school and vanished, copperless but courteous, as is the manner of *il povero Italiano*, and in the milder mood induced by this happy deliverance I began to wonder if, after all, the popular songs of to-day were not at least as humorous and as pathetic as those in vogue before the music-hall had been taken under the wing of the aristocracy.

The second-cousin-twice-removed rhymes, the hideously ill-chosen and unsingable diction may be deplored, but the primitive pathos of such

are in advance of such inanities and feeblenesses as "All Round My Hat," "Row with Me down the River," "'Tis Very True," "Johnny Sands," "The Man with his Nose Upside Down," "Champagne Charlie," "Walking in the Zoo," and the rest of the songs, sometimes coarse, and commonly stupid, which seemed to please our fathers and our grandfathers.

And in one point, at least, we have improved our music-halls. We are no longer so inconsistent as in the good old days, when the ladies and gentlemen who enjoyed a pipe and a modest quencher in the auditorium could step into an adjoining gallery and indulge their æsthetic and pious proclivities with a contemplation of the "Plains of Heaven," and comic songs were sung to an organ accompaniment, as in the curious old illustration of the "Eagle," in the City Road, whither went Miss Jemima Ivins, of the shoe-binding and straw-bonnet-making persuasion, in a white muslin gown, carefully hooked-and-eyed, a little red shawl plentifully pinned, white cotton gloves upon her fingers, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief, carefully folded, in her hand—"all quite genteel and ladylike."

I can see her tripping down to join Mr. Samuel Wilkins, whose Sabbath waistcoats were dazzling. I can hear her rapturous exclamation, "How 'e'v'nly!" as she enters the gilded concert-room, with its organ that cost "£400" and was "not dear, neither." I can hear the "comic song accompanied on the organ" which convulses Miss Ivins with laughter, in which the man with the plaid waistcoat and the whiskers joins, "by way of expressing unity of sentiment and congeniality of soul."

But the "Eagle" has long since been converted, and the "Variety Palaces" of to-day would scorn to recognise as their progenitors the old "Mogul" in Drury Lane, the "Bower Saloon" in Lambeth Marsh, and other places of the kind where Bacchus and Apollo shared an equal throne. And with the music-hall the Muse has improved, or, at the least, not degenerated.

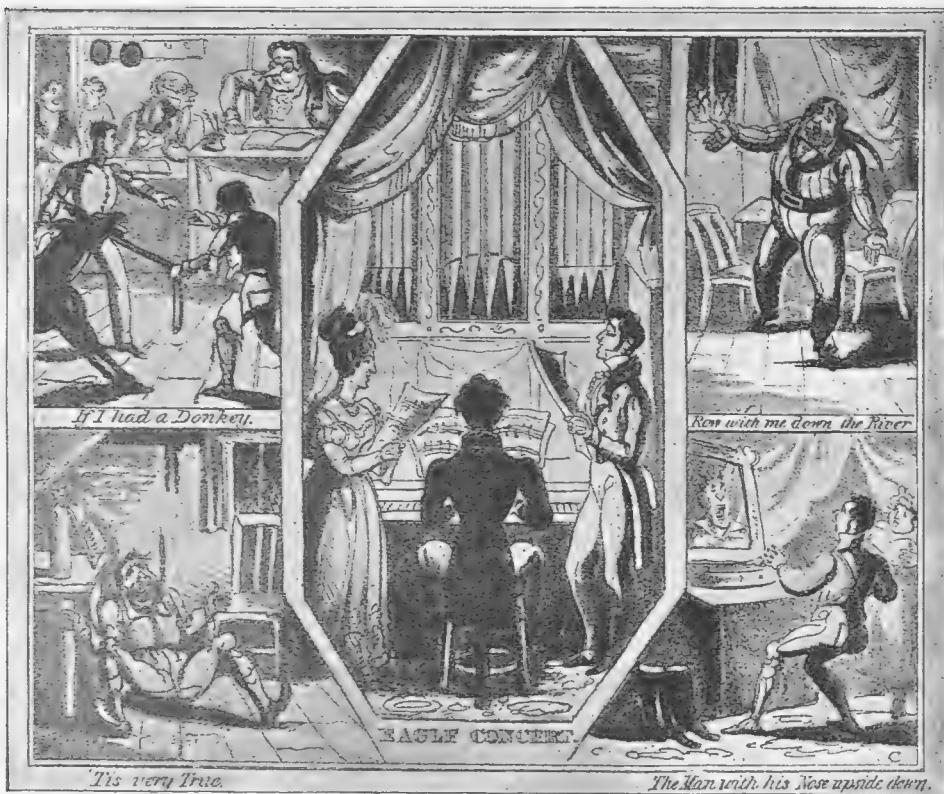
But now the sunshine brings me back to the present. "The Nipper's Lullaby" comes to me on the west wind, softened by fifty yards and a corner, as I throw open my window for the second time, and I am content to admit that, even though the Music-Hall Muse should be still a little weak-kneed in the matter of verse, as Mr. Gilbert says of another Muse altogether, "The meaning doesn't matter," so long as it is inoffensive, for melody covers a multitude of sins.

A. G.

WEST-COUNTRY SUPERSTITION.

Education during the last five-and-twenty years has, doubtless, done much for England; but, judging from the strange case of Mr. Oates and Dr. Thomas, who, like the heroes of Mr. Stevenson's weird tale, were one and the same person, it has not succeeded in stamping out superstition in the West Country. Mr. Oates (alias Dr. Thomas) appears to have driven a flourishing trade as a wizard in Bodmin, and, having taken the smooth in the shape of fees, is now taking the rough in the form of seven months' hard. However, even in this stronghold of superstition a wizard is somewhat of a *rara avis* nowadays. A quarter of a century or so ago wizards were thick as blackberries in Devon and Cornwall, and witches almost as plentiful. In "our village" in South

Devon, I remember several flourishing wizards when I was a lad; indeed, our own gardener had the reputation, and once "dreamed a dream" that water might be found under a certain oak. As we were in want of another well, his vision was favourably entertained, and with happy result, for a better and purer supply of water I never met with. He was also peculiarly successful in the matter of flowers and vegetables; but this I attribute to the luxuriance of the rich red soil and a gardener's ordinary knowledge rather than to any commerce with the Evil One, to which the villagers were disposed to lay his successes in this direction. Quite near our house there dwelt another wizard, who, somewhat like the Bodmin gentleman now in durance, was skilled in herbs, and knew of many a magic charm. Round the neck of one of our domestics he tied a small silk bag, containing the leg of a common or garden toad, and as this limb withered, so was her complaint—*tie douloureux*, if I remember rightly—to pass away. The leg shrivelled, and the neuralgia got well, but I have always thought the latter was more owing to the skill of the parish doctor, who, at my father's instance, prescribed for her, rather than to the contents of the silken bag. A witch was a great ally of mine, a most kindly creature, the wife of the squire's coachman, but Providence had afflicted her with a sad squint, and she was credited with "overlooking" all sorts of domestic creatures, who, in consequence, became very unwell. In the bucolic mind there was but one antidote to the unpleasant results of being "overlooked," a deep scratch with a rusty nail on some vulnerable portion of the witch's person, and all would be well. So my poor old friend was hastily mauled by a stalwart labourer one afternoon, and ran bleeding like a stuck pig to the village apothecary. In her case the result was a fine or seven days for the destroyer of witchcraft, while the unfortunate witch had the sympathy of the gentry—but she was quite a "white witch," and if she charmed away a wart now and again she took no fee for her pains. Till I read of the Bodmin case I had thought that my old West Country friends the wizards and witches had all disappeared, but, as this is evidently not the case, it might be well for the Thirteen Club to open branch establishments in Cornwall and Devon.



songs as "After the Ball" and "My Old Dutch" is at least human, and certainly inoffensive in comparison with—

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him, no, no, no!
I'd give him some hay, and cry "Gee! Whoa!"
And "Come up, Neddy!"

Nor had the Muse which inspired the Cockney verse and poor "patter" of "Vilikins" attained higher grade on the steps to Parnassus—

As Dinah was valking
In the garden vun day

(Spoken: It was the front garden, not the back garden.)

Her papa came up to her,
And thus he did say,
"Go, dress yourself, Dinah,
In gor-ge-ous array,
And I'll get you a husband
Both val-ly-ant and gay."
Singing too-ral-loo, &c.

Even the wit of the spoken "gag"—"Now comes the epiflabber-gastrinum of the lovier?"—can scarcely be considered of Attic flavour, yet this faffrago was introduced by no less an actor than Robson in the farce of "The Wandering Minstrel."

The reckless abandon of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" is no whit more absurd than "Slap Bang!" or "The Perfect Cure," which Stead made the rage in the late 'sixties; nor is the frank imbecility of such songs as "Hi-tiddy-hi!" half so ridiculous as the mock sentiment of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter!"—

His donkey cocked his ears and brayed,
Folks couldn't tell what he was arter,
To hear a lily-white sandman cry,
"Do you want any ratcatcher's daughter?"

or the nonsensical "Billy Barlow," with which Sam Cowell delighted an earlier school of men about town; while the clever "coster" studies of Chevalier, and even such extravagances as "The Rowdy-Dowdy Boys,"

THE ART OF THE DAY.



SENSIBILITY.—GEORGE ROMNEY:
EXHIBITED AT THE EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

ART NOTES.

Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., has been very busy during the past year with the composition of his "Recollections," and will, therefore, according to "Atlas," engage no more room at the spring exhibition of the Royal Academy than that occupied by one small picture. These "Recollections," we learn, are of a highly entertaining character; they include not only a full account of Mr. Marks's earlier life, but also a host of anecdotes concerning the various interesting people with whom an artist of his eminence must perforce have come into contact. We look forward with particular interest to some account of those relations with Mr. Ruskin



THE PORTAGE.—F. A. VERNER.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, W.

which Mr. Marks is enabled to record. Mr. Ruskin, it is understood, was particularly impressed by Mr. Marks's attitude towards natural history, for he is undoubtedly an artist who has ever thought of the reality of the thing which he has undertaken to illustrate rather than the possible romance which can be made out of it. And for this reason alone it might well be expected that Mr. Ruskin would evince a peculiar, not to say a personal, interest in Mr. Marks.

We understand, moreover, that Mr. Marks is to reappear in his most welcome character of art critic. His success in this province has long been a matter of common knowledge, while it must be additionally noted the more intimate attraction of his verse-making makes up a further chapter of his "Recollections," which cannot fail to secure a large and keen interest everywhere. We have already heard what one artist has to say of "Marco." It will be just as pleasant to hear what "Marco" has to say of the artistic world in general.

M. Munkacsy's ambitious picture, "The Taking of the Hungarian Land by Arpad," which is now being exhibited at Pesth, and will shortly hang in the Lower Chamber of the new Hungarian Parliament Houses, has so far justified the pains of its creator that he has received an order to paint a corresponding picture for the Upper Chamber also. This time one could easily guess the subject assigned to the artist. It is, of course, the scene in which Maria Theresa appealed to the enthusiasm of her Hungarian nobles by holding up before them her child, afterwards Joseph II., at the Diet of Pressburg. M. Munkacsy cannot fail to lend even to so hackneyed an historical subject a certain distinction; but it is a pity that his powers should be handicapped by the depicting of incidents which might advantageously be left to the painting *canaille*.

The exhibition now on view, organised by the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, is chiefly distinguished for its great variety. Mr. Le Gros, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Strang, Mr. Axel Haig, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. Macbeth are some among the living artists here represented; J. F. Millet and Adrian van Ostade among the dead. Mr. Frank Short, this year, no less than last, appeals strongly to every lover of poetical art. "The Weary Moon was on the Wane" is a little triumph of beauty and mystery, but precisely the beauty and mystery of the subject, not the obscure mystery which has a different meaning for each admirer. His "Beach Buoy," too, is as delicately strong a piece of work, full of suggestiveness and fine composition, as one may find on the walls of this exhibition. Mr. Short's style is as strong and as elastic as steel, and full of delicacy withal.

Mr. Strang's work is always interesting, although we are bound to say that we cannot very enthusiastically admire "Anarchy," of which one paper has egregiously remarked, "It would be painful, and unnecessary, too, to believe that he was not upon the side of order." We do not quite see what Mr. Strang's work has to do with his being on the side of order or not; but we confess that we should have preferred a subject less obscure and more suited to Mr. Strang's very powerful and characteristic method.

Passing an admirable portrait by the same artist, "Jan Strang," we are free to confess some disappointment with the work submitted by M. Legros, which does not, as it seems to us, reach the breadth and dignity of his other work in the same province. But we are glad enough to have M. Legros as we can, without being anxious to carp. The rest of the work exhibited in this gallery is pleasing, various, some of it interesting for its promise, some for its achievement. The names we have mentioned will be sufficient guarantee for its general excellence. It may be mentioned that Professor Herkomer is scarcely as impressive as one could wish.

Herr Liebermann's large collection of paintings was sold by auction the other day at Berlin, bringing the large sum of a quarter of a million of marks. It consisted of more than a hundred pictures by various masters, three of Munkacsy's paintings alone fetching more than forty thousand marks. A doubtful Murillo went for 18,000 marks, a Karl Bekker 7400 marks, while two portraits by Knaus fetched together the sum of 15,600 marks. The three Munkacsy pictures were "Visit to the Young Mother," "Hero of the Village," and a landscape with washerwoman. Altogether, the sale was a remarkable one.



INDIAN SIGNAL.—F. A. VERNER.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, W.

We have not hitherto noticed in any way Mr. Harry Quilter's "Apologia pro Arte Mea," which appears in the current number of the *New Review*, and which practically amounts to a challenge to the critics. This most estimable body of men have discovered, it seems, that Mr. Harry Quilter's work is somewhat imitative, and, being anxious to discover the sources of his imitation, have hit upon somewhat various masters to account for his accomplishment. Among these a few are Whistler, Stott of Oldham, Van Goyen, Holman Hunt, Walter Sickert, Richard Wane, Claude Monet, Theodore Roussel—Mr. Quilter adds "probably Rowsell," which is absurd—Aumonier, Rossetti, Henry Moore, and Brett.

The collection is, indeed, a goodly one, and, as a mere motive, should give Mr. Quilter ample opportunity for humour. We confess, however, that we have read his paper through without any serious attack of laughter, and though this wholesale comparison is ludicrous enough, it is there that Mr. Quilter's case begins and ends. Mr. Quilter argues that, because he has gone to the same sources for his inspiration as many of the greater modern painters, it is natural that he should paint like them. He does not, indeed, lay this down as a separate proposition, but the conclusion of his argument amounts to this. Thus, for it is well to quote chapter and verse, he observes: "Would anyone paint a misty day in street or on river, there are the followers of Mr. Whistler before him, crying aloud at the infringement of his copyright. The 'glad waters of the dark-blue sea' are no longer the property of us all: they belong to Henry Moore, R.A." And there is much more to the same effect. Mr. Quilter's deliberate conclusion appears to be as stated above, that if two men go to the same sources for inspiration it is natural that their results should be very similar.

Now, we venture to say that we totally disagree with Mr. Quilter. Not only should we be surprised to discover a similarity of result, provided that each painter possessed a really original and personal style,



SLEEPING BEAUTY.—ALFRED MORGAN.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Gallery, Conduit Street, W.

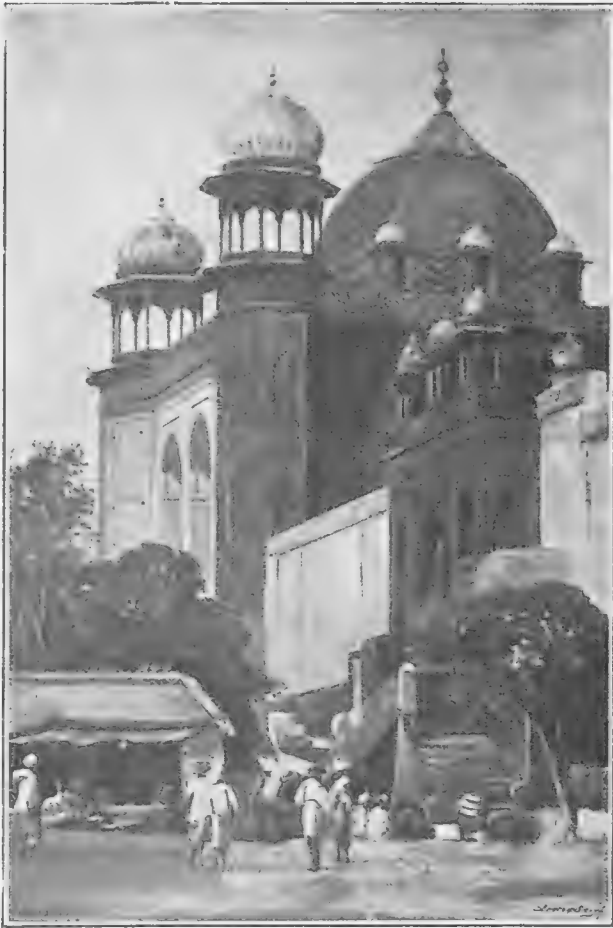
but we should regard such a result *à priori* as naturally impossible. Luckily for the diversity of art, Nature is one thing and style is another. What one man sees, another man may also see; but, translated into an artistic medium, the same object is necessarily transformed into a personal effect of each original artist. Given a great individual style, the style becomes the art, not the object which was the occasion of the style.

Corot, for example, painted many landscapes of much the same character as the great Hobbema—the "Avenue of Trees"—hanging in the National Gallery; yet it would not be possible to convict Corot's trees, although in Nature they are very often precisely those graceful, lean trees



LA RICHESSE DE LA FRANCE: CEUX QUI NE SE METTENT PAS EN GRÈVE.—E. G. BULAND.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



CORNER OF THE JUMMA MUSJID, AGRA.—JOHN VARLEY.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery.



AFTER FISHING: FIRST COME, FIRST REST.—A. BESNON.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

which Hobbema painted, of having anything whatever in common with those of Hobbema. It is the spiritual eye that makes the artist, combined with the great technique; it is impossible for a painter without a great original style to do without a model, however unconsciously he uses it. He must have an exemplar before he lays his paint, and it is his technique and the manner of his technique which make the great picture, not the Nature whose beauties afford no more than the opportunity for filling his canvas so admirably.

Mr. Quilter, we fear, does not convince us of the soundness of his defence. We confess that he has found a very amusing unanimity of variety in the various criticisms that have been made upon his work, and we are fain to trot out the old *cliché* that one man's food is another man's poison. But, despite the odd array of names, which look so funny in combination, said by various critics to account for Mr. Quilter's art, the conclusion that we draw therefrom is that there is a universal feeling abroad that Mr. Quilter does not possess a great or original style.



PORTRAIT OF DERMOTT M'CALMONT.—MOUAT LOUDAN.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—A. P. ROLL.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

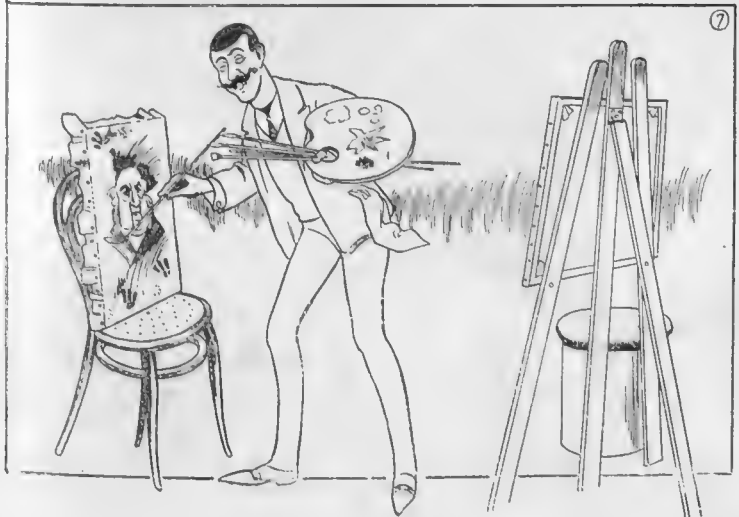
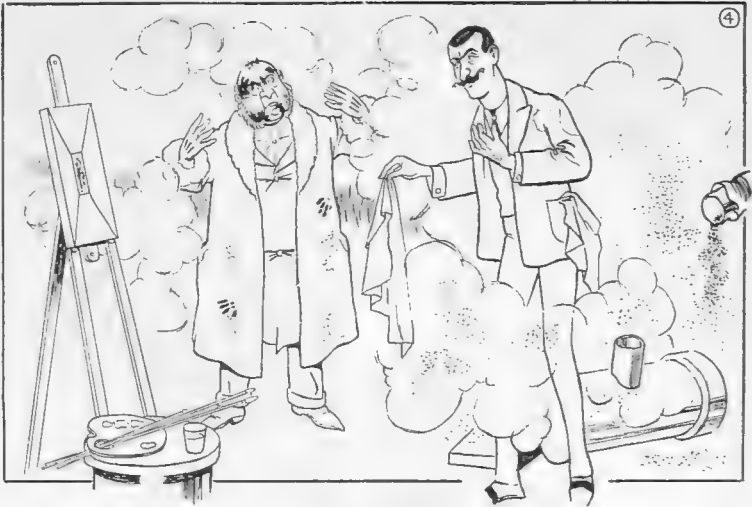
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"I don't care for them 'ats, 'Arriet; everybody 's a-wearin' of 'em."



THE MAID IN THE MOON.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY WARDY.



AN ARTFUL ARTIST.



Louis Wain.

C. HENTSCHEL 3'

THE MODERN MASQUERADERS.

LADY HILDA, disguised as flower-girl, in long grey skirt, apron, grey woollen shawl, large grey hat with a crumpled brim.

LADY BETTY, also as flower-girl—short black skirt, apron, black ulster, hair down her back behind and a large fringe in front, big black hat covered with blue and green feathers.

Baskets of violets ready. Lady Hilda's bed-room.

HILDA (putting finishing touches before a mirror). How splendid you look, Betty!

BETTY. Yes; but I drew the line at bare feet, although you said it would be so much more realistic.

HILDA. I prepared such a lovely speech about "buying boots for the childer."

BETTY. Well, you can be maudlin over your "childer," anyhow. I'm not going to have any nasty, dirty little brutes.



"Who's a bumpin' of yer? 'Old yer bloomin' tongue!"

HILDA. I should hope not, at your age. Why, you look fifteen. I say, Betty, how disgraceful your ankles are.

BETTY. Disgraceful, indeed! It isn't everyone who could show them, and I so rarely get a chance, I wasn't going to lose this one.

HILDA. I do hope we sha'n't be recognised.

BETTY. If you have any fears on that score, you might black your face. Soot out of the fireplace will do.

HILDA. Thank you. Black your own.

BETTY. S'elp me! Ain't we a-gittin' vulgar?

HILDA. Oh! do help me with a Cockney accent.

BETTY. No. Come on. They say it is always easy to sink lower than you are. The downward path, you know.

HILDA. Oh, Betty, do be quiet! Can you see through that fringe?

BETTY. Think I'm going to give up my only joy in life, next to Bill?

HILDA. Who's Bill?

BETTY. Never mind.

HILDA. Creep down—there is no one about. This is splendid!

BETTY (whistling "D'isy"). Come on.

[Scene changes to Piccadilly—Afternoon. Each with a basket, offering violets to passers-by.]

HILDA (whispers). Don't keep on bumping me with your basket, darling.

BETTY (aloud). Who's a-bumpin' of yer? 'Old yer bloomin' tongue!

HILDA (blushing). Oh, don't! It's so wicked!

BETTY. Ain't a-goin' to be preached to! Stop! There's Lord Dunkeld; I must try and sell a bunch to him.

[Follows smart youth, and endeavours to assume Cockney twang.]

DUNKELD. Go away! I don't want any!

BETTY. Yes, yer do. Only a penny! 'Ave some.

DUNKELD. Will you leave me alone? I really won't buy any!

BETTY. Ain't you stingy! My!

DUNKELD (stops). If you don't leave me alone—

BETTY. Well, I didn't think you were so mean, Gerald.

[Breaks off, and beats a hasty retreat up a side street, leaving Dunkeld open-mouthed with horror.]

HILDA. Oh! there you are. Have you sold any flowers? I have.

BETTY. Of course, but not to Gerald.

HILDA. You'll get us into trouble if you don't take care.

BETTY. I say, Hilda, rub your nose hard.

HILDA. What for?

BETTY. Flower-girls always have red noses.

HILDA. Well, then, rub your own.

BETTY (smiles sweetly, and suddenly notices a small child close by her side). 'Ere, what do you want?

CHILD. Nuffin'.

BETTY. What a dirty face you've got! Where's yer 'andkerchief?

CHILD. Ain't got none.

BETTY. Then get away from me.

HILDA. Oh, look! Here's a likely old gentleman. (Attacks ancient mariner.)

OLD GENT. Dear, dear! Twopence a bunch is far too much. I can't give twopence.

HILDA. Make it threepence, then.

OLD GENT. Eh! What, what? Is that your daughter?

[Indicates Betty, who is engaged in pushing the child from her, and doesn't at once notice.]

BETTY. Take yer 'and orf, can't yer?

HILDA (indignant). My daughter, indeed! I should hope not. Why, she's as old— (Receives a violent pinch from Betty.) Yes, of course. Whose girl should she be, eh?

OLD GENT. And this little one? Is she your grandchild?

BETTY. Yes, Sir, that she is, 'an mother's as proud of 'er as I am meself. Jest cast yer eye on 'er, Sir. Ain't she a beauty?

[The child begins to cry.]

OLD GENT. Dear, dear! Well, I'll have a bunch just for the little one's sake; but they are very dear—very. [Goes off, muttering.]

HILDA. How dare you make me out a grandmother!

BETTY. Well, if you don't like it, I wish you would rid me of your grandchild. The little horror won't leave me. Ugh! go away!

CHILD. Ain't a-goin' nowhere.

BETTY. Then, I'll—I'll box yer ears.

[Child runs off, screaming.]

HILDA. Betty, we're lost!

BETTY. Blest if we are! If I don't know the good old Pic., who does?

HILDA. Don't be silly. There's Bertie over the way. If he doesn't know me he's certain to recognise you. What shall we do?

[Betty loses her head and hails a passing hansom.]

CABBY (jeering). Garn! Who's such a flat as ter tyke yer in er keb? Where's yer kerridge? (Passes on.)

HILDA. Betty, you idiot, you'll spoil everything. Bertie has gone on, and, really, we are so well made up that there isn't much to fear.

BETTY (feeling small, but determined to hide it). Well, you would have been much more silly if it had been Jack, so you needn't bully me. Let's move on.

[In front of the Bachelors' Club. Several Golden Youths leaning out of the window.]

FIRST GOLDEN YOUTH. By Jove! those are the first violets I have seen this year.

SECOND GOLDEN YOUTH. Deuced pretty girl, too.

FIRST GOLDEN YOUTH. Why the devil doesn't she stop? I'd buy some.

SECOND GOLDEN YOUTH. So would I.

FIRST GOLDEN YOUTH. Send the porter. Here—hi! Dash the woman! She's deaf.

[First Golden Youth retires to send Commissionaire. Stately hall-porter advances to Hilda and Betty.

PORTER. 'Ow much are your violets?

HILDA. A penny and twop—

BETTY (nudging her). All threepence. (Aside.) To those men. I say, do you see Lionel? He's awfully mashed. Shall I wink?

HILDA (whispers). No. For heaven's sake, don't

PORTER. Three bunches, then, please.

BETTY (aside). Now, to be natural, Hilda, you ought to cheek him.

HILDA. All right. Here goes. (To porter.) 'Ave some yerself. Do.

PORTER. Now, then, none of your sauce. (Goes in.)

HILDA. Sauce! What did the man mean? Come on, Betty; what are you doing?

BETTY. Smiling at Lionel.

HILDA. You're disgraceful. I'm going home.

[On Lady Hilda's doorstep.

HILDA. I'm a fool. I've forgotten my key. We shall have to ring. (Rings.) I've made 5s. 6d.

BETTY. And I three shillings. It's not bad for a "young 'un."

[Door opens. Butler appears.

BUTLER. Go away! We don't want no—

HILDA (not hearing and passing him). James, bring up tea at once, and put some brandy and soda in the smoking-room.

BUTLER. Eh! what?—I beg your Ladyship's pardon.

[Hilda and Betty burst out laughing at his horrified face, and dash upstairs.

C. S. C.

A SCHOOL FOR WAITRESSES.

The difficulty in giving a dinner is not usually the amount of cooking to be done—the family cook will stretch a point for that—nor in the space at command, for most dining-tables can be extended to the needed dimensions. It is the attendance which is so hard to provide. A family

housemaid and waitress rolled into one, and trained to serve half-a-dozen people with three or four simple courses daily, cannot be competent to serve three times the number to ten or more courses at a dinner party. Men waiters can be hired for the evening. True enough; but where they are not intemperate or slip-slop the odour of the "cheap restaurant" will often hang about them, and the nice housekeeper will often prefer giving up her "dinner" to adding at best a male appendage to her servant staff, "just for the occasion," who does not ordinarily belong there. To obviate this difficulty, a philanthropic New York lady, Mrs. Amory, has started a school, where she and her servants train waitresses. Some time ago she founded a *crèche*, and it is chiefly the mothers of the little ones cared for by the nursery during the day who are trained to wait properly, though unmarried women can also be taught. Those of light figure and gait, quick ways, and neat appearance are the women chosen, as they are usually the ones ready to present themselves for instruction. Dumb-bells are used for wine bottles, which the women learn to balance over every size of glass to a nicety. They go through all the details of a fashionable elaborate repast, and when they are well practised in changing and replacing plates, offering vegetables, and replenishing glasses on "dummies," the lady takes them to her own house and tests them at her family table. Any little peccadilloes or omissions are then pointed out and corrected, and the natural outcome is a first-rate corps of waitresses. They can be hired for from two to three dollars for the evening, and will always be found fresh and spotless in dress for their work. Among Mrs. Amory's own friends a large demand was rapidly created for them, and in fashionable circles this has widened to something very large. But there is yet a large number of average-sized households which would seize on the advantage, and entertain more freely to their liking, if the existence of the trained woman-waitress were generally known. The plan, being a private charity of the lady, has never been in any way advertised. It was intended to benefit the young mothers, who, after their little ones had gone to bed, could don a fresh gown, apron, and cap, and earn a few dollars for a few hours' work. It has proved a perfect godsend to these women, who, in their turn, are proving a reliable stand-by to housekeepers. The poor woman, accustomed to slave hard for a pittance a day, comes home at night, after a few hours' pleasant labour, with two or more days' wages in her pocket, and, in addition, as much delicate food, very often, as will nourish her family for several days. Altogether, it is one of the most unique and welcome women's institutions projected for a long while in New York.



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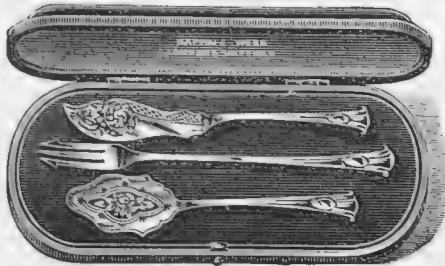
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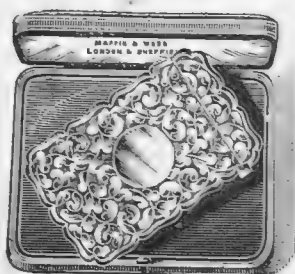
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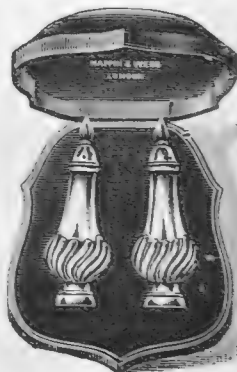
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You stand in a field of grass, parched and dried by the heat of such a summer as that of 1893. You strike a match to light your pipe. No harm done so far. You draw a whiff, then throw down the match still burning. Why talk? In ten minutes an acre is in flames. Possibly you have started a conflagration destined to do a lot of damage.

Well, here you are; think of this now. Away back, centuries ago, somebody starts a false idea. It "catches on," and flies all over the world. By and by a few folk find out that it is false, but what can they do? Just about what you could do with your big dry-grass blaze. Yet we've got to fight it; we *must* fight it, or we are ruined by our own consent.

Here's an illustration. In a letter written from 21, Frederick Road, Leicester, and dated May 11, 1893, Mr. Charles Pegg says that at Easter, 1892, he was slowly getting over an attack of influenza. That is, influenza itself had left him, but he didn't find himself much better off on that account. It may sound odd to say so, but there are some complaints which seem more troublesome after you have got over them than they were when you had them. Some of the germ fevers are in this list, and influenza is a germ fever.

Mr. Pegg says he had a foul, nasty taste in the mouth, and was certain to be sick in a morning; retching, straining, and hawking horribly. He

ate perforce, without any appetite or relish, and after it he was faint and had an uncomfortable sensation at his chest as though his food had lodged there—not going clean down into his stomach, you understand.

Now, what is there about good victuals that should make a man feel faint? How do you account for that? A good meal should work exactly the other way. Besides, Mr. Pegg says, the blood rushed to his head at the same time, which was all wrong too. The opposite ought to be the case; because, after a meal, the nervous energy tends to the stomach to do the important and noble work of digestion. For some reason or other our friend's system was badly out of gear. Was the influenza responsible for it, or something else? We'll see presently.

The point to consider *now* is that he got weaker and weaker every day. No trouble to believe that. A man who doesn't eat the amount of food that is needful for him will drop his flesh and strength hand over hand. That he will do, even if he has no disease at all, but starves himself on purpose, as the Russian prisoners in Siberia sometimes do in their "hunger strikes." But Mr. Pegg fasted because the condition of his digestive apparatus compelled him to. The road he was on (oh! how many drag along wearily upon it!) led to a destination none of us like to think of.

Therefore he tried to get out of it, to go back, to find the way to the high ground of health and strength again. But for a long time fortune was

dead against him. He says "*Whatever medicines I took I could not get my strength up.*"

The printer will please set the last eleven words in italics, so the reader will know that they contain the false idea I want to call his attention to. It is the idea that somewhere on earth there is a drug which, when taken into the stomach, will give strength to a weak and emaciated human body. That idea is false; always was false; always will be false. Mr. Pegg was deluded by it, and countless millions besides him have been, or are, deluded by it. Now I am going to tell you what the truth is, and I only wish I could shout it out so loud that all Europe would have to drop whatever they are at, and listen. Here it is: *God who made the human body ordained but one way to give it life and strength—namely, the digestion and assimilation of food.*

Write that out and paste it on the wall in your house.

One word more from our correspondent. "While I was thus miserably lingering along, one day a shopmate told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and gave me a dose out of the bottle he carried to his work. It did me good. Then I bought the Syrup, used it, and *got well and strong.*" (Signed) Charles Pegg."

To sum up, Mr. Pegg was attacked by the influenza because his blood was previously impure from the poison of indigestion and dyspepsia. After the influenza (a mere incident or symptom) the digestive malady grew worse until Seigel's Syrup purified his blood, corrected his digestion, and restored his lost appetite. *This* gave Nature a chance to use her own tonics—bread and meat—and the victory was won.

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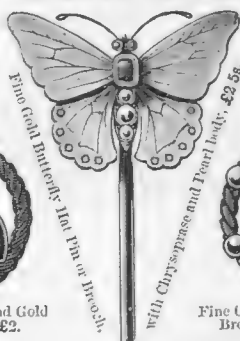
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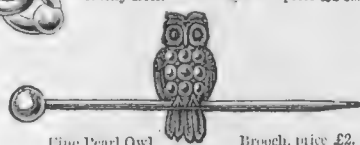
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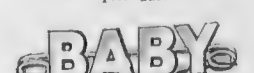
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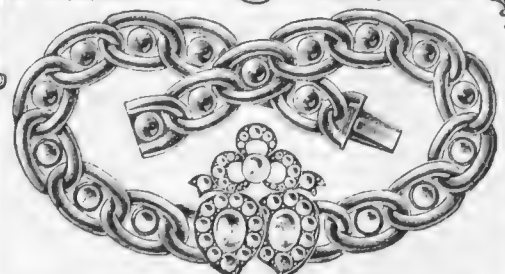
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DON CARLOS AT HOME.

Don Carlos' Chamberlain, Count Melgar, having made an appointment for 2.30, I presented myself at that hour at the Palazzo Loredan, which has been Don Carlos' residence in Venice for a number of years. It commands one of the most comprehensive views of the Grand Canal, up to the Rialto and down to the Salute and Doges' Palace.

I was shown into a large, oblong reception-room, furnished in Louis XIV. style, and full of pretty things. Count Melgar came forward and shook hands, and asked what language I proposed for the audience. I chose French, and Count Melgar withdrew.

Presently a tall, bearded figure—well over 6 ft. 2in.—emerged from the smoking-room and advanced towards me. His face was full of



DON CARLOS.

Photo by G. Magrini, Viareggio.

kindliness and dignity, his bearing was martial. I felt at once that I was in the presence of a famous man. Count Melgar returned with him, presented me, and withdrew. Don Carlos held out his hand with simple cordiality.

I knelt on one knee and took his hand to kiss, but he raised me up and withdrew his hand before I could kiss it. After a few polite remarks, he suggested our joining "*ces messieurs*," and led the way into the smoking-room, where three or four members of his suite were assembled. Count Melgar then dispensed coffee and a Spanish liqueur, rather like Kummel, only nicer, and I was given an excellent cigar out of Don Carlos' own case.

After some twenty minutes' conversation, he got up and said, "I want you to see everything I have to show you. Come and look at these flags."

The room was ornamented all round with flags, and he told me, with great affability, the history of each, with what regiment, with what battle, and with what general it had been associated. He pointed out one which had been terribly bloodstained in a certain engagement.

I saw, also, several oil pictures of his battles, the situations of which he took some trouble to explain to me; also a picture of his father, Don Juan, and a full-length portrait of himself, the latter a striking likeness. There were some cannon projectiles on a side table; he took one up lightly in his right hand and held it out to me, laughing merrily when I found it so heavy that I nearly let it drop. Then he showed me a piece of a shell which had burst close beside him and his staff during the war.

In the next room was a magnificent collection of Indian objects, brought back from his tour in the East, a model of the Temple of Benares, brass and lacquer work, carved ivory, and so forth. "No doubt, you are already acquainted with all that kind of thing," he said, after drawing my attention to some of his favourite souvenirs.

We passed on to his private apartments, looking into a tiny chapel, tastefully decorated, on our way. The walls, draperies, and furniture of his bed-room were of red, the sun was streaming in at the windows, and,

altogether, I have rarely seen a cheerier room. It was at the corner of the house, and commanded a superb view.

The dressing-room beyond was got up in the Turkish fashion, and contained a large tiled bath with all manner of douches. He pointed out that the chimney-piece was not in keeping with the rest of the room; but this was the builder's fault, and would shortly be remedied.

Returning to the reception-room, Don Carlos drew my attention to a huge bull's head on the wall, and said it was a trophy of the Spanish bull-ring. He brought out an illustrated history of the Carlist wars, and good-naturedly explained some of the pictures to me. I noticed an endless array of photographs on every table and sideboard, most of them of royal and distinguished personages, with autograph dedications. Among them was the Prince of Wales in a kilt, the Emperor of Austria and several Archdukes, the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and the various members of his own family.

"You see, I am a grandfather," he said, smiling, as he pointed to a photograph of the infant child of his daughter, Doña Blanca.

On my way out I made acquaintance with a number of dogs, who were waiting to be taken out for their afternoon constitutional, and a huge green South American parrot, which I met again later, when I lunched at the palace. Don Carlos is devoted to his dogs, and generally takes three or four of them with him whenever he goes out on foot.

On Don Carlos' name-day I called to offer my congratulations as well as to take my leave, for I meant to start for Florence next day. I found a great number of Legitimist notabilities. One table was covered with a pile of congratulatory telegrams, nearly two feet high, and fresh piles were being brought in on a salver every few minutes by the servants.

When I mentioned my approaching departure to Count Melgar, he asked by what train I was going. I told him two o'clock, and he said that if I had been leaving later Monseigneur would have liked to ask me to lunch, so I said that, of course, I would make it later. Then Don Carlos came up and said he hoped that would not be inconveniencing me. He also talked once or twice of his residence in London, and mentioned having sat at a window with Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill to view the Lord Mayor's procession.

Lunch, next day, was most pleasant and interesting. There were four guests besides the members of the household. The wines and cooking



PRINCESS BERTHA OF ROHAN, DON CARLOS' FIANCEE.

Photo by Adèle, Vienna.

were excellent, the plates were silver, the glasses had a monogram and royal crown engraved on them. The green parrot was on a perch near the table, and called out "*Poveretto!*" whenever it fancied itself neglected. Then it was generally given a sponge-cake finger, which it took away in its beak and soaked in water before devouring.

Don Carlos is a good talker. He related many incidents of his travels, including experiences of the Russo-Turkish War, touched on Spanish affairs, and gave his opinion freely on all subjects. When I mentioned that I was shortly starting for the East, he told me I must

be careful what I said there, as they had an uncomfortable habit in those parts of giving people twenty-four hours' notice to quit if they displeased the Government.

I said I thought it would be amusing to be expelled from a country and create an international incident.

He laughed, and said he had not found the process at all amusing. He thought they might just as well have allowed him to live in Paris, as he would have done nothing to embarrass the Government there.

I asked him about his supporters for the crown of France, and he replied that, though deeply touched by their fidelity, and though not abandoning his hereditary rights as chief of the House of Bourbon, he preferred to reserve himself for Spain.

Asked about his prospects there, he showed me a paper containing a list of some thousands of Carlist clubs throughout Spain.

"Do you think there will be war there again soon?" I asked.

"That depends on a variety of circumstances," he replied.

"Have you any faith in constitutional agitation?"

"Well, we have several Deputies in the Chamber, and we should have more but for the tricks of the Government at the polls."

These, I was told by a gentleman standing by, included such practices as announcing the numbers and coolly declaring the defeated Ministerial candidate duly elected. On another occasion, finding they were being beaten, the authorities brought in ballot-boxes from two non-existent villages which they had invented, to swamp the poll.

I asked what Carlist Deputies did about the oath of allegiance, and was told that they claim to affirm, and, as soon as they have done so, get up in the Chamber and declare that the affirmation was a mere formality, and in no way binding on their conscience.

Since his first wife's death, Don Carlos has made Viareggio his head-quarters; but his residence at Venice has not been entirely given up. His life there is a very regular one. He transacts business till lunch-time, half-past one; goes in his gondola—rowed by gondoliers in the livery of Spain—to the Lido at three, and, on a horse which carried him through the Carlist War, rides there for several hours across the sands, where Byron used to ride, and takes a stroll in the Piazza San Marco with his dogs before coming home to dine. In summer he and his suite take their meals on a terrace of the palace overlooking the Grand Canal.

His Secretary and Chamberlain, Count Melgar, has been with him ever since the war, and is devoted, heart and soul, to the cause. He is a brilliant author and journalist, an eager, zealous organiser, and at all times very good company. Another favourite attendant is General Sacanell, who was Chief of the Staff of the 2nd Division in Navarre during the war. Both have done much to keep the cause of their master alive in Spain, and when the day of restoration shall at length come they will undoubtedly deserve a large share in its triumphs.

Don Carlos' bride-elect, Princess Bertha of Rohan, comes of one of the oldest families in France, and by her cleverness and manifold charms cannot fail to give a fresh impetus to the hopes and endeavours of the Legitimists in Spain.

Don Carlos himself is a man to inspire boundless devotion and enthusiasm. The personal magnetism which belongs to him, the majestic dignity with which he has comported himself in success and in adversity, the unselfishness with which he has ever subordinated his own advantage to that of his cause, have cast around him the glamour of bygone chivalric ages and raised his cause to the rank of a religion. His friends may be defeated, but they can never be utterly discouraged. H. V.

"Albert Moore: His Life and Works" is the title of an illustrated volume which will be issued in the early autumn, under the editorship of Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry, who was a pupil and personal friend of the deceased artist. With a view to making the book as complete as possible, the editor will be grateful for the co-operation of the owners of pictures, sketches, or other material of interest. Communications should be addressed to the care of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

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TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Something has already been said in these pages of the method which Mr. Dando, the stage-manager of the Palace Theatre, has invented for lighting the living pictures now being exhibited there. Something has yet to be said as to the manner of producing them.

As though in contrast to the productions at the Empire—where all the pictures are of subjects draped to such an extent that, with one exception, scarcely an ankle or the tip of a toe is visible—here, at the Palace, the management have chosen for their subjects the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the nude of such masters as Bouguereau, Falero, Cot, and Solomon. All is pure in art, and while, certainly, no such living pictures have ever before been shown, there is absolutely nothing about them to offend even the most sensitive or modest temperament. They are simply exquisite pictures, with a freshness about them which makes them appear as though they had only just left the artist's hands, and it is certainly no excess of praise to affirm that they are as far ahead of the Kilanyi pictures—which formed the origin of the *tableaux-vivants* boom—as the work of Sir Frederic Leighton is above that of a rank outsider.

The rehearsals of this production presented a very curious and original aspect, and totally different to anything ever seen on the ordinary stage. Even to the hardened artistic nerve, to find oneself in the midst of a group of beautiful girls attired in the very scantiest of raiment was a position, to say the least of it, of some delicacy. As, however, most of the ladies taking part in the representations are models well known in the artistic world, they probably felt far less embarrassment than the ordinary onlooker. To them it is part of their ordinary day's work, whether they are posing before a Palace Theatre public or in the privacy of an artist's studio, for habit is second nature.

By an ingenious turntable arrangement, which certainly is constructed on somewhat similar lines to that of Kilanyi's, three *tableaux* can be arranged simultaneously, so that there may be no delay in presenting one after the other. The marked improvement, however, in the case of these present *tableaux* is that the pictures come to the very edge of the frame, which undoubtedly adds to their realism. It requires no little patience to pose the models, however experienced they may be, in many of the awkward and uncomfortable positions which some of the pictures necessitate; but by a careful arrangement of irons, somewhat similar to those used by photographers, many positions, otherwise almost impossible, have been successfully attempted. It may be here interesting to mention that the beautifully-fitting tights in which all these lovely girls are encased are especially made for these *tableaux* by a London firm, even the fingers and toes being carefully modelled, thus preventing any line which would be caused by the material ending at the ankle or the wrist. Next to the figures, the background is of the greatest importance. It would be almost impossible to praise too highly the remarkably skilful and artistic manner in which the foregrounds have been modelled and the backgrounds painted by that clever and rising young artist, Mr. Alfred Glendening. This strikes one more especially when one realises that in many cases the colouring had to be invented by him, as the picture could only be seen in the form of an engraving. Without singling out any of the *tableaux*, when all are so good, the enthusiasm which hails the appearance of such pictures as "Edelweiss," "Echo," or the "Polar Star" is not a little due to the originality and artistic excellence which have attended the efforts of Mr. Glendening. The management have interspersed among these beautiful studies of the nude many well-known *genre* pictures, which, while not less difficult of treatment, make a welcome relief for the eye, and require even greater attention to matters of detail, in consequence of the arrangement of draperies, than do the nude.

No *tableaux vivants* following on the lines of those of Kilanyi would be complete without the representation of statuary. Seeing a statue, however beautiful, through a gilt frame is undoubtedly somewhat incongruous, and undoubtedly mars the effect; but the statues here represented are so skilfully managed that perhaps it does not do to be hypercritical in such matters. Still, it struck me as being a pity that some arrangement could not have been devised to mask the frame for the few minutes while the statue is being exhibited.

The *tableaux* are, in my opinion, brought most effectively to a close by the production of that dramatic picture, "Comrades." The representation of the group of Highlanders, one of them dying and giving his last message to a comrade, while a third one is standing guard over them, with his rifle brought to the charge, is one of the most graphic realisations probably ever shown on any stage. The cold, grey effect and the deadly silence of the Russian winter produce about as complete an illusion as can well be imagined, the whole undoubtedly heightened by the falling snow, while the thud of the muffled gun outside brings home to one with startling vividness the horrors of the Crimean campaign. The idea of placing this picture last was very happily conceived, as it enables the spectator to carry away the impression that art is not limited to what appeals to the senses, but that it appeals in a still greater measure to those chords of the heart which are affected by the imagination.

To the veteran Mr. Morton, who has been energy personified, and to Mr. Dando, to whom a great many of the mechanical improvements have been due, and not a little also to the talented Mr. Plumptre, who has composed some very charming incidental music, must be attributed much of the success which the Palace *tableaux* are achieving.—J. M. P.

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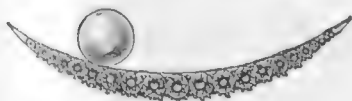
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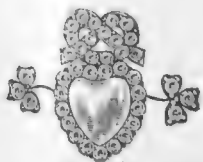


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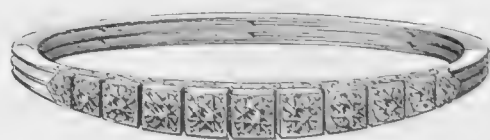
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"CYNICUS" AT HIS SHOP.

There is a little shop up Drury Lane where a young Scotsman with a wonderful pencil has sitten down to observe the world. At first the plain folk of the neighbourhood were merely proud of him; now they are getting to like him. They say "Synakus" and "Synikoos" to each other when he goes in and out of his shop.

Mention of these things makes a kind of introduction to what I have to tell about "Cynicus," who is Mr. Martin Anderson, the young Scotsman aforesaid. When I dropped in on him the other afternoon, he and his brother and his sister were giving tea to a bunch of afternoon-at-home callers. It was beautiful tea, because I drank some of it and know. I had it while holding "Cynicus" up in a corner, and squeezing him about himself as you would squeeze a lemon for its juice. Once or twice his cup shook, as if he meant accidentally to tumble the contents over my knees, but, upon the whole, he submitted with an amiability I should like to see copied by other people I may have to interview.

"You know," I put it to him, "you seem to me to be a perfectly amiable fellow, nothing much of a cynic?"

"I suppose," he caught up, "that's your way of asking where I got this *nom de guerre* of mine, 'Cynicus,' and what I mean by it? Well, I didn't get hold of it in any romantic way, and it isn't any the worse for that. Just, it was suggested to me by the line of art I have adopted, only there, now don't misunderstand. Ordinarily, I'll allow, cynical means something like dog in the manger. My 'Cynicus' doesn't mean that, but the onlooker of the passing show, who puts it down just as he sees it, and as near as possible as he sees it."

"You weren't always 'Cynicus,' were you? One day you must have been only Mr. Martin Anderson?"

"When I took to what we'll broadly call cartoon work I became 'Cynicus,' but that was not quite the first of me. Native of Tayport, the little place on the hill at the southern end of the Tay Bridge, which I'm old enough to have preceded, and still am not a patriarch. Always sketched more or less, and liked it from the beginning. Tried decorative art in Glasgow for a bit as a serious start; then came to London to study art proper. Actually landed at Euston with the proverbial half-crown in one pocket and a bunch of one key and a hole in the other. Pot-boiled—that is, painted pictures for the dealers—and studied and got along as well as I could. After some years went back to the north, and was the first artist on the *Dundee Advertiser*, the first daily paper in this country to publish illustrations."

"You did not remain for ever in Dundee, or you would not be at this moment in Drury Lane?"

"Gradually the desire grew to take up such work as you see all about the studio—again the only word, I suppose, is cartooning. So I made the 'Satires of Cynicus,' and came back and published them in London. I wish I had more of the original copies than I have, because they bring a trifle more now than they did to my pocket at the time. 'Cynicus,' poor man, had now made his bow to an indulgent public—that's the



"CYNICUS."

phrase of the actor's first-night speech, isn't it? I decided to sell as well as make my cartoons, so took the little place we are in and hung out my name. Perhaps it'll strike you as a freakish business to do, but, believe me, if I had been rich and had gone to live and work in the suburbs,



I should never have done anything but be rich and in the suburbs, which might, though, have had its advantages.

"So you've gone on giving us your cartoons from 59, Drury Lane, and you mean to go on?"

"Surely. It was cheap to come here, and I wanted to feel I was in the very heart of the great human turn-about of London. Why, I have

only to take a little stroll, and notions, which find their way into my note-books, present themselves on every hand. You cannot help getting colour into you if you live where it is splashed the thickest. Perhaps, you'll let me say that I regard my cartoons as having a serious as well as a purely humorous side. There was just fun, or mostly fun, in my second book, 'The Humours of Cynicus'; but in the third one, 'Symbols and Metaphors,' and in the fourth one, 'Cartoons Social and Political,' I meant there should be a little more than fun. I'm a reformer, as everybody who pities suffering and hates shams is a reformer—that with all my heart. Yet, I'm not a politician at all; don't know much about politics or parties, and don't specially care to. If for placing

two pictures from the realities of life side by side I'm put down as Socialist, we'll say, am I to blame? No, nor the pictures either, which are only the truth and nothing but the truth."

"I think I notice the system of two contrasts to be rather a favourite method of cartoon with you?"

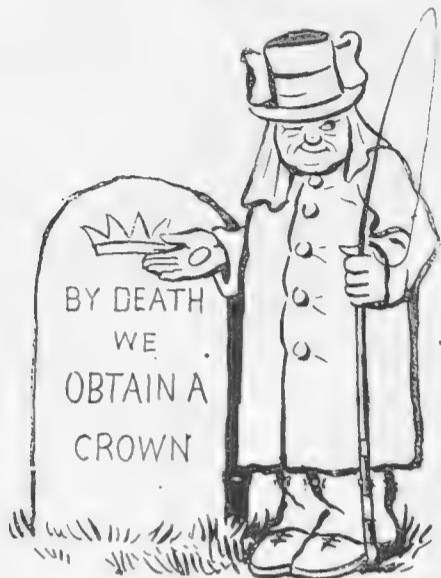
"Yes, it is; it is so effective. Where do I get my contrasts or my subjects where there is no contrast? Oh, they are the result of all my experiences, observations, thoughts, and I go on adding to the stock. I am about to draw upon my note-books for a series of social satires I am contemplating, for another volume of social and political cartoons, and for other ventures I have in mind. The colouring of all the cartoons by hand is a development of a notion which was practised long ago, and I'm sure it's a notion the public like. When I have done the original it is copied by a school of young people we have trained to the work down in Scotland."

"Since 'Cynicus' got his name talked about, haven't you had many publishers wishing to publish his pictures?"

"Various offers I have had, but I prefer to deal with the public direct—to be my own publisher. Publishers would want to cut out this picture and the other, thinking them too strong, and so on. When I publish myself, I avoid that sub-editing, and get along just as I wish to, and that's an advantage."

"I'm told that you not only sketch, but that you write—nay, that you write poetry?"

"I admit the soft impeachment, and if I wanted to I could not deny it, only why should any man deny his offspring? Still, you won't be too hard on me when I tell you that my most ambitious effort in verse is the



little affair, 'The Fatal Smile,' which I illustrated recently. I am not canvassing for the vacant laureateship, although, when I think of it, a laureate who could illustrate his poems would be something novel."

"I imagine a lot of kindly and some critical people look in on 'Cynicus' in his artist's quarters?"

"Oh! dear me, yes. All sorts of reformers and people with every imaginable fad and crank come here. I meant to tell you some of them, but, seeing how I put my last sentence, I had better not. Don't utter it! It's in your face. You want to ask why the faddists and the cranks come. To be candid, I suppose it's because they expect to find a brother."

I'm going back to have more tea with "Cynicus." He sugars it just to my taste.

J. M.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Yet one more Anarchist seems to have exploded himself—not, indeed, without injuring some others, yet without serious consequences except to himself. This is eminently as it should be. A few more such events should put a stop to the dynamite campaign far more effectively than all the police in the world. And these amiable little chemical parcels have a way of going wrong. The acid eats through its pad too fast, or the nitro-glycerine is not properly washed, or a hundred other mishaps follow. And then there is a vacancy among the regenerators.

Yet, it is possible that, with the more courageous Anarchists, the danger to themselves from their own contrivances may even prove an attraction. Blowing up the *bourgeois* has not all the excitement, perhaps, of a tiger hunt, for the *bourgeois* is not formidable, except collectively, and then by means of police; but to be hunting even the most timid of game with a weapon that is almost as likely to abolish yourself as your quarry is a venture not devoid of real excitement. Therefore, while the common herd of Anarchy may be expected to abandon the bomb-throwing industry for a time, the choicer spirits may be expected to return to it with new ardour, now it involves the double danger of instant explosion and future detection.

The tragi-comical and entirely unnecessary disturbance known as the Brazilian Revolution has suddenly collapsed into discreditable farce. Nothing in its life was more despicable all round than its ending—intermittent and aimless bombardments and attacks on one side or the other, only resulting in disturbance to trade and damage to non-combatants and their houses, wild and purposeless cruises of rebel Admirals, wandering vaguely along the coast, futile negotiations, high-sounding proclamations, lying bulletins, and finally the collapse. The high-handed President collects from the very doubtful neutrality of the United States some sort of a war fleet; that fleet, after long paralysis for lack of funds, set sail, and after narrow escapes (according to the accounts) from the treachery of its own Brazilian officers, appears in Rio Bay. Without waiting to try the chances of war, or testing the very doubtful qualities of the Zalinski dynamite gun, the insurgents leave forts and ships, and after an elaborate bombardment of the abandoned works and vessels the proud President is victorious.

It is not a creditable ending—it is calculated to lower one's idea of the human race—but it is, after all, an ending, and that is the main thing. If only the victorious party does not indulge in too much miscellaneous shooting, Brazil may quiet down into something distinctly resembling her former prosperity. But was it worth while getting rid of a mild and constitutional Emperor in order to have a despotic and sanguinary President? And was it for this that certain democrats hailed the disappearance of the kingly name and power from the New World? (There is a trifling tract of land called British North America which is not yet a republic, but that, of course, was not worth mentioning.)

Politics are still very much a matter of names and words. To exchange a constitutional King Log for a Republican President Stork is not a step towards democracy, it is a step backwards. Military rule is Imperialism, whether the nominee of the Army take the title of Emperor or not. Furthermore, all so-called "popular" government is oligarchy. A Parliamentary majority represents, not the great mass of a party so much as the small, active, energetic minority that turns the tide. Most men are peaceful and quiet; they are not daily and nightly possessed by a fiery zeal to overthrow or reform. No; those who really take politics seriously are few, but it is the few that govern the many.

Can anything be more ridiculous, as an illustration of this sheep-like tendency in men, than the recent much talked-of defeat of our present Government by the votes of its own supporters? Here have been members of that unexpected majority writing to the newspapers to say that they only gave their votes as a protest, as a matter of principle, and, if they had had the slightest idea that they would be in a majority, they would not have voted at all. In other words, they voted for a principle which they did not desire to carry into practice, and, having found that their votes embarrassed their party, they now explain laboriously that they meant nothing whatever.

This fogged condition of mind is not peculiar to any party or country. Wherever you have Parliaments, there party interest, natural interest, pledges to constituents and private principles—if any—are in such continual conflict as to reduce the average member of the Legislature to a state little above imbecility.

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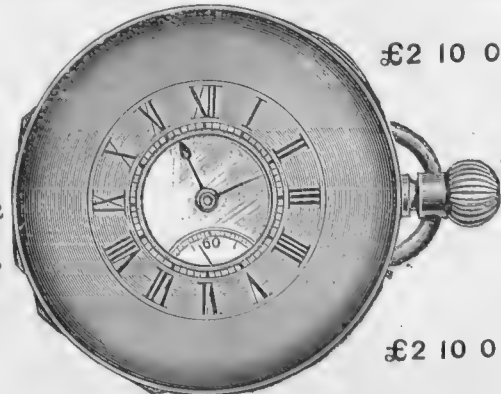
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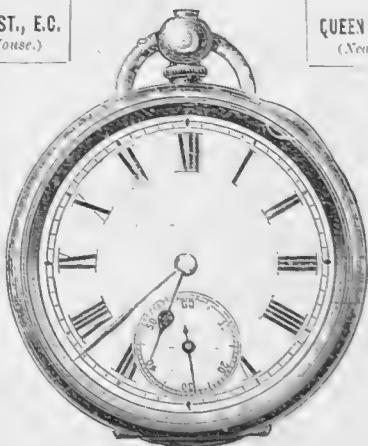
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

To-morrow (March 29) the House of Commons meets again after its Easter Recess, for what, as everyone supposes, will be the decisive sitting of this Parliament. The opening work will be the Civil Service Estimates and the first readings of the Equalisation of Rates Bill and the Conciliation in Labour Disputes Bill; while, before many days, the Scottish Local Government Bill and the Factories Bill, and, most important of all, the Registration Bill, will be taken; but the main event to come is, of course, the Budget.

GRAND COMMITTEES.

These Bills and the Budget I can leave for the present. More important will be the motion on Monday to refer Scotch Bills to a Scotch Grand Committee. Mr. Goschen talked good sense more than a week ago on the subject, when he pointed out that the principal question still was, "Where does England come in?" The Parish Councils or Local Government for England Bill was passed, as Lord Rosebery almost boasted at Edinburgh, by a majority of Irish votes, and Scotch members had their say on it in Committee. England returns a majority of some seventy Unionist members to this Parliament; but the Parish Councils Bill was amended over and over again in Committee against their wishes. There is a majority of Gladstonian Scotchmen in this Parliament, and so Lord Rosebery, himself a Scotchman, kindly proposes that the Scotch Local Government Bill shall go only to a Scotch Committee, where English opinion shall have no weight at all. I must guard myself here against being supposed to object to this system of Parliamentary devolution. I think, on the contrary, that it is a good method for abating the press of work in Parliament. But the point is, if Scotland gets a Grand Committee, why not England—or Ireland, too, for that matter? It is utterly unfair if Scotch votes count in the framing of an English Bill, while English votes are excluded in the framing of a Scotch Bill. Some assurance will have to be sought from the Government on this point. But they are not likely to be sympathetic with the claim thus made for England. If English measures were referred to an English Grand Committee, they would issue in a shape anything but Gladstonian—I apologise for saying "Gladstonian," but until this Parliament ends it is the only convenient word. Nor would the Government be very likely to complete the Grand Committee system by extending it to Ireland, for the Irish members would not say "Thank you" for a scheme which undermined the agitation for a Dublin Parliament. Personally, I think that an application of the Grand Committee method all round would be a good thing. It would satisfy the claims of the separate nationalities to a certain extent, without disintegrating Parliament. I was sorry to find Mr. Goschen condemning it, just on the ground of its breaking up the nationalities. We have to reckon with the fact that the "nationality" cry exists, and is fairly supported, whatever we may ourselves think of it as sentimental and reactionary. And what is *prima facie* in its favour is that some such scheme would relieve the congestion of Parliament. The whole House can have its say on the Bills after they have passed out of Grand Committee, thus keeping the Imperial control. Meanwhile, there is more and more work coming upon the Imperial Parliament, and dealing with matters common to the three kingdoms.

THE GOVERNMENT PROPOSAL.

But an all-round system of Grand Committees is a very different thing from the partial application which the Government are proposing; and if we are to have a general and equal scheme of devolution for local Parliamentary business, it ought only to be arrived at after special, thorough, and prolonged investigation. For what would it mean? Let me for the moment assume that English measures were now referred to an English Grand Committee. Let me assume that the Parish Councils Bill had been so referred. Then, in a Committee dominated by a majority of seventy Unionist or Conservative members, what chance would Mr. Cobb's famous Charity Clause, or any other Radical amendment, have had? The Radicals would be beaten hip and thigh, and the Bill would have been presented to the whole House for third reading as the Conservatives had moulded it. That is to say, the Gladstonian party, which introduced the Bill, would have been beaten, and Mr. Fowler would have been twisted round his opponents' fingers, unless the united party, with its Irish votes, had rejected or completely changed the measure on third reading. If they had done that, what would have been the good of the Grand Committee? If they had acquiesced in their defeat, what a position for Ministers! Would they resign? No; for they have an Imperial majority, and so Parliamentary government would become as ludicrous as it would be under the notorious Popping-in-and-out Clause in the first version of Mr. Gladstone's 1893 Home Rule Bill. The only alternative for the Gladstone or Rosebery Government would be not to introduce any legislation for England at all! It is clear that no such innovation in Parliamentary procedure ought to be introduced without grave consideration, and the Rosebery Government contemplate nothing of the sort. What they do contemplate is to secure their Parliamentary Imperial majority by conciliating their Scotch supporters at the expense of England, a poor place where they are in a minority. They will use their Irish votes, if they can get them, to give the Scotch members what they want, on the specious plea that this is such an excellent scheme for abating the labours of Parliament; but if someone proposes that England shall have the same privilege, will the Radicals, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish vote for any such thing? We shall see. But I do not quite expect it.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The trouble in the Liberal party has, for the moment, disappeared. There is peace in St. Stephen's—outward peace, at all events—and a nearer approach to inner repose than I could have anticipated. The Irish situation, in particular, has eased off. No one will, perhaps, ever quite replace Mr. Gladstone in the eyes of the Irish Home Rulers, and Lord Rosebery's speeches and acts will be closely watched by men who, though they recognise the difference in his character and qualities as compared with Mr. Gladstone, may think that he is prepared to accept a smaller measure of Home Rule than the Bill of 1893. That may or may not be the case, though the question whether so large a measure as that of last year will ever be passed is a tolerably pertinent one. However, the Edinburgh speech has completely silenced the malcontents. The Radicals and Liberals admire its candour, its clearness, its argumentative power, and the Irish recognise that their demands have been satisfied. For my part, I fancy the difficulties Lord Rosebery will have in the future, though they will tend to become smaller and to disappear, will be chiefly associated with his absence from the House of Commons. Like the canny Scot he is, he is doing his best to overcome them. I don't remember ever seeing Lord Salisbury in the Lobby of the House of Commons in all my life; but since Parliament has reassembled hardly a day has passed without one or two visits by Lord Rosebery, followed by long conferences in the Whips' room. The new Premier is, indeed, working hard to keep in touch with his following. During the last few months he has, of course, been almost completely absorbed in Foreign Office work. He has done no speech-making, and, with all his weight and intellectual grit, it is clear that he still speaks with some want of that absolute felicity which only comes of much practice, and which no one, perhaps, has ever possessed so completely as Mr. Gladstone. It was one of the commonest "treats" associated with the ex-Premier's speeches to watch him going through an egg-dance of words, in which the least false step would cause a breakage, but the breakage never came. Lord Rosebery, with a blunter and less subtle character than his predecessor, has said a few daring things, which have rather strayed beyond the beaten track of average political thinking, and so there has been a great hubbub, which has seemed to me greatly exaggerated and always absurd. Now, however, that these qualities are known, I think Lord Rosebery will make a first-class leader. Perhaps there are half-a-dozen men on the Liberal side of the House of Commons who have an inveterate dislike to his leadership, and may do their best to upset it; but they have been very much discredited by the events of the last few days.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

Meantime, when most eyes are turned on Lord Rosebery, there is a pretty shrewd and close criticism of Sir William Harcourt as Mr. Gladstone's successor in the leadership of the House of Commons. Sir William, like Lord Rosebery, has started unfortunately, for Mr. Labouchere's little plan did a good deal to destroy his prestige. In some respects Sir William Harcourt is doing well; he is simply primed with the constitutional law which plays so great a part in House of Commons' life. He has a power almost equal to that of the Old Man himself for scoring effective points and bringing forth rattling cheers from the benches behind him. He is clever, acute, and often adroit. He usually takes the superficial party view, but he does it extremely well. He is, nevertheless, face to face with the remarkable development of his antagonist, Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour does not always carry very heavy missiles, but his touch is so light, his irony so ready and so delicate, and his real dialectical power so steadily on the increase, that his party grows steadily stronger under his leadership. All this makes a very exciting situation, and when Sir William slips, as, owing to an over-hasty temper and an over-acute sense of dignity he is occasionally liable to do, we may expect a brisk time. There has, however, been one great falling off on the Opposition side since the great change took place. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have lost all his "go." His speeches have been flat, almost pointless. Apparently, he feels keenly the tremendous personal loss which Lord Rosebery's accession to the place he might have filled brings home to him. No one doubts that if Mr. Chamberlain had remained at Mr. Gladstone's side he would to-day have been Prime Minister of England by sheer acclamation. Mr. Chamberlain is like the primeval Adam, driven for ever out of Paradise, and sadly contemplating the place that might have been his.

PETTY PRIVILEGE.

For the rest, the only incident of any dramatic interest during the last two or three days has been Lord Randolph Churchill's attempt to convict Lord Rosebery of a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. At the beginning of every new session the House passes a sessional order declaring that Peers may not concern themselves in elections. Lord Randolph tried to apply this to the Premier's speech at Edinburgh, which he declared to have reference to the pending election in Leith. Poor Lord Randolph! Time was when any Parliamentary move of his would have been followed with the closest attention and interest. But to-day he has lost the faculty of impressing his audience either with his case or the way in which he states it. His speech wanders confusedly into all sorts of by-paths, his mental vigour and directness no longer impresses, his elocution is sadly obscured. The motion ended in a fizzle. There was a general agreement that the sessional order could not stand, and that Peers ought to be allowed to speak openly at elections if they chose to do so.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

GOWNS IN "GO-BANG."

Having last week gone fully, and, I hope, satisfactorily, into the question of outer garments for the coming season, I now want to tell you about some gowns which are specially worthy of the title "up-to-date" as applied to their fashion, and which should prove a mine of wealth to you when you are hunting after ideas for new spring and summer costumes. They are worn at the Trafalgar Theatre in "Go-Bang," and though it was, I can assure you, a very difficult task to make a selection from such a bewildering array of pretty frocks, I have had to sternly confine our artist to three sketches, and for the rest must try to content you with mere descriptions. First, then, a word about the dresses sketched. Miss Letty Lind's, in Act I., has a full skirt, composed of vandykes of white silk, outlined with three rows of baby-ribbon, and divided by wide bands of insertion lace, while it is finished off at the foot with two frills of lace. The draped bodice is of white moiré antique, fastened at the waist by a large bow in diamonds, the yoke, of lace, being bordered with a frill of the same material. The puffed sleeves are of the



MISS LETTY LIND (ACT I.).

moiré antique, caught up with a bow and a diamond star, and with cuffs of silk, trimmed with baby-ribbon and bands of lace insertion. This exquisite *fête* gown is completed by a large hat of white drawn lace, trimmed with delicately shaded roses and white ostrich feathers, caught by a diamond buckle.

In the same act Miss Agnes Hewitt appears in a very smart gown of pale rose-pink, brocaded with bunches of lilies-of-the-valley, the full skirt being quite plain, and the bodice being effectively trimmed with *écaré* guipure. A wonderfully effective bit of cleverly contrasted colour is introduced in the folded collar and cuffs, which are of turquoise-blue velvet, the dainty little bonnet of the same velvet being finished off with touches of lace and a diamond aigrette.

Miss Jessie Bond's smart travelling gown is worn in Act II., and is composed of white crocodile *crépon*, the bodice having a vest of white chiffon, overlaid with creamy point de Venise, the full basques being outlined with the same lace. The lapels and cuffs are of sapphire-blue velvet with an appliqué of the lace, and round the waist passes a narrow belt of velvet, from which hangs a quaint velvet bag with a silver clasp. The skirt is simply trimmed with a band of velvet and lace appliqué. Miss Bond's hat is of white chip in a rather large sailor shape, and is trimmed with blue velvet, lace, and large white wings.

One does not often see smarter or more original gowns; but I have not come to the end of them yet, by any means, though I have, unfortunately, exhausted the sketches. To go back to Act I., Miss Jessie Bond wears a simple but charming dress of the palest lemon-coloured chiffon, the skirt trimmed with fans of white lace and bows of lemon-coloured ribbon, edged with shimmering sequins. On the shoulders are

bretelles of white lace, and the puffed sleeves of chiffon terminate at the elbow, where they are met by long *Suède* gloves. The accompanying hat is of white lace, trimmed with white and yellow feathers.

A very beautiful gown, of pale turquoise-blue chiffon, sprinkled over with moon daisies embroidered in silver, is worn by Miss Rubie Temple.



MISS AGNES HEWITT (ACT I.).

The bodice has large double capes of lace, fastened with three diamond stars, and huge bishop's sleeves, the waistband (which is fastened by a diamond buckle) being of black velvet, as is also the large hat.

Miss Maggie Roberts dons a dainty dress of *cau-de-Nil* ondine silk, the bodice, which is trimmed with guipure lace, having a sash of *miroir* velvet in a darker tint of green, a band of the same velvet, edged with guipure, forming the sole trimming of the skirt. The hat, which is distinctly original, is of the lace, the brim caught up to the crown here and there with green and white ostrich tips.

Passing on to Act II., Miss Letty Lind appears in a travelling dress in a delightful combination of pale tan cloth, rose-pink silk, and green *miroir* velvet; while Miss Agnes Hewitt has a Louis coat of grey velvet, outlined with steel, opening over a folded vest of crimson silk, the skirt, of grey silk, being trimmed with six narrow bands of steel *passementerie*. Hersmart "Tam-o'-Shanter" hat is of grey velvet, with quills to match.

Of Miss Jessie Bond's dress you have a sketch,



MISS JESSIE BOND (ACT II.).

[Continued on page 493.]

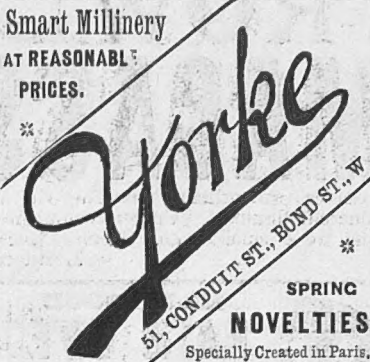
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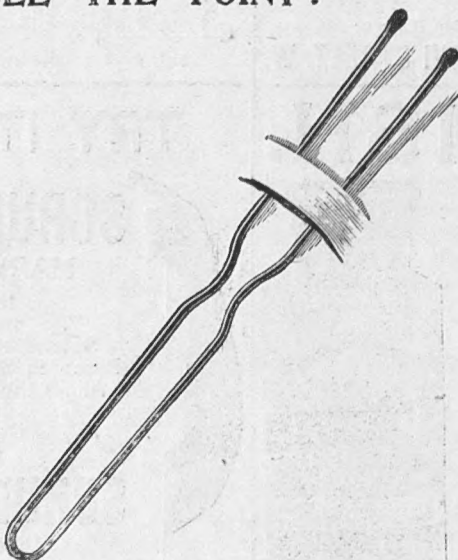
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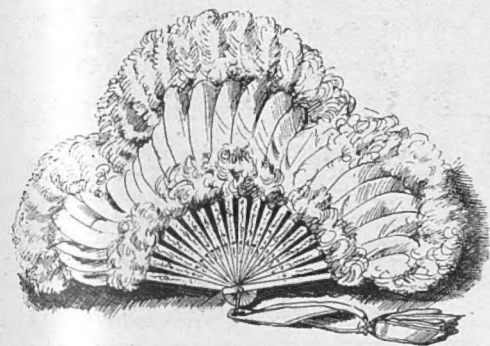
London & Birmingham.

and it only remains to tell you of those worn by Miss Maggie Roberts and Miss Rubie Temple. The former wears a simply made dress of tea-rose yellow silk, with a wide belt of Indian embroidery and puffed sleeves, and the latter has a pretty gown of pale pink crêpon, the Russian coat outlined with narrow bands of brown velvet. Her brown velvet hat is trimmed with bunches of japonica. Both as regards colouring and design these gowns are every one of them full of good ideas—as, I should think, you have already discovered for yourselves—so it only remains for you to take them to heart and use them to advantage when ordering your new gowns. I am sure their present wearers will only see in this an evidence of your good taste.

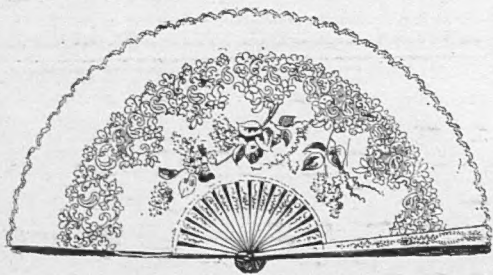
Now that Easter has restored us to the delights of balls and other frivolities, the accessories of our evening toilettes become a matter for serious consideration, and lucky indeed are those who find gloves and fans in a condition presentable enough to warrant their appearance in the coming fray. Most people, however, from one cause or another, will be obliged to make new purchases, and for these I have good news of some wonderful bargains, which I came across on my last visit to the London Glove Company's premises at 45A, Cheapside. (They have another branch, you know, at 83, New Bond Street.) The Company have just bought a manufacturer's stock of fans, and are selling them at incredibly low prices, which will enable you to buy two or three really

beautiful fans at a price which you would not, under ordinary circumstances, consider high for one of the same quality.

Let me give you a few examples, taking first the new "Shamrock" fan, of which I have had a sketch made for you. It is composed of coque feathers and swansdown in various delicate colours, the sticks to match being



inlaid with silver and tied with a ribbon bow. With all this novelty and prettiness, the price is only nine shillings. The other fan sketched, which is much more elaborate, is of double white gauze, ornamented with an appliqué of handsome guipure spangled with steel sequins, the



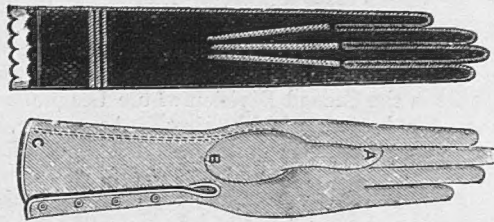
scalloped edge being bordered with a tiny appliqué of the same lace. It is artistically hand-painted with sprays of white lilac, the mounts being of carved ivory, and yet—prepare to be astonished—the price is only 18s. 9d. I also noticed a dainty fan of white gauze, edged with an appliqué of lace, and hand-painted with a flight of swallows, the background, of delicately shaded clouds, being spangled with star-shaped silver sequins. Its mounts were of beautifully carved ivory, and I expect you will hardly believe me when I tell you that it was marked at 5s. 11d. The original price was a guinea, so this will show you what an exceptional opportunity this is of getting real bargains. Another pretty fan, at the same price, was of white gauze, trimmed effectively with insertions of black net, with an appliqué of white lace. The carved ivory mounts alone were well worth the sum charged for the whole fan. I also spied out a number of charmingly pretty gauze fans at five shillings each, with lace insertions and hand-painted sprays of flowers, the mounts, even at this price, being of carved ivory; while for seven shillings there was the sweetest little "Empire" fan with a quaint scroll design in gold interspersed with delicate pink and blue flowers, the mounts being of ivory inlaid with gold. I do not think that it is necessary to give you any more examples in order to send you rushing off to possess yourselves of some of these treasures, and when you do pay a visit to Cheapside or New Bond Street, I need hardly tell you that you can there get all kinds of evening gloves at equally low prices, the "Empress" Suède gloves, in every imaginable colour, commencing in price at half-a-crown, being specially noteworthy.

And do not, on any account, forget to look at the stockings, especially those in Lisle thread with openwork fronts, which can be had in seventy different shades at 1s. 3d. a pair; while "plated" silk hose, with a pretty dropped-stitch stripe, are wonderfully cheap at 2s. 2d., especially as they wear wonderfully well. Pure silk stockings can be had in twenty different shades at the exceptionally low price of 5s. 9d.; so between all these varieties there is something to suit everybody's taste and purse.

For day wear, I quite fell in love with some new shot stockings, called the "Bi-colour," and made with a silk back and ribbed cashmere stripes in some contrasting colour. They look especially well in black and gold, and black and blue, while tan and gold, Chartreuse and pink, and navy and cardinal are also most successful and effective combinations. Another recommendation lies in the fact of their being only 2s. 11d. a pair, so I fancy that the new "Bi-colour" hose has a brilliantly successful future before it.

I cannot stop without giving a few words to some new spring gloves

in black kid, with points and welts of different colours, the scalloped tops bordered with a band of kid in the same colour, the buttons being to match. Black with white, blue, green, or tan looks very smart, and they also look well in tan in combination with brown or black. I thought you would probably like to see an illustration of this glove, and also of another which is provided with the "Ajax" patent thumb, and which, therefore, wears about twice as long as an ordinary glove, and is invaluable for driving or for any hard wear. The strip of leather which forms the thumb is extended to

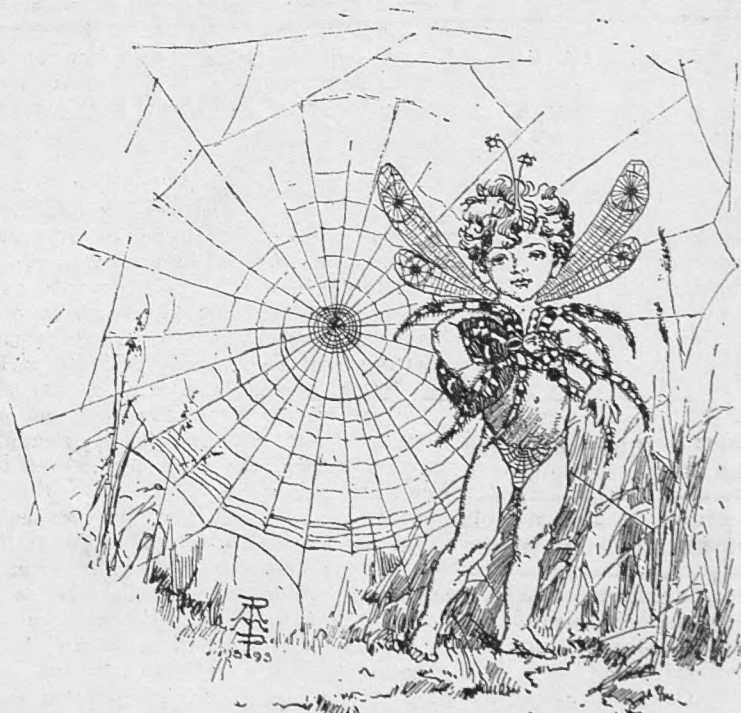


the top of the glove underneath the wrist, so by this means the glove can be drawn on without the least risk of any breaking or tearing of the seams, double strength being given where it is most required, in addition to extra support to the buttons. These "Cape" gloves are wonderfully cheap at 3s. 6d., or in "chevrette," for ordinary every-day wear, at three shillings, and if you want to provide your better half with a pair of gloves which he will find it difficult to wear out you need only expend 3s. 6d. on him. And now, having given you a hint as to two or three of the special bargains, I leave you to go and inspect them personally and to find out others on your own behalf. Spring weather and new gowns both demand new gloves, and most of you know by this time that the name of the London Glove Company means first-rate quality, durability, and cheapness; while any of you who do not possess this knowledge will, I hope, take my word for it until a personal trial has proved the truth of the statement beyond a doubt. Country readers should send at once for the new illustrated price-list which the Company has just brought out, and which they can get post free in return for the small trouble of asking for it on a postcard. It is a most useful thing, and everyone should keep a copy by them for reference.

FLORENCE.

USE OF THE ARC-LIGHT FOR STAGE EFFECTS.

"As an admirer of your interviews with various people," writes a correspondent, "and being interested in the application of electricity for stage effects, I trust I may say a few words concerning your interview with Mr. W. P. Dando, in your issue of the 14th. He claims to have fulfilled a want, by the application of an arrangement for an arc-lamp, whereby it can be regulated by an ordinary stage-hand. I beg to say that at Drury Lane Theatre, for the past two to three years, arc-lamps have been used with such a simple arrangement that, by turning a screw, the two carbons can be brought together to the centre of the lens and kept there, and these have always been regulated by an ordinary stage-hand for producing the wonderful effects, such as moving clouds, rain, water ripple, &c. We have, also, another type of arc-lamp, with an equally simple adjustment for keeping the carbons in the centre of the lens, which can be used either on alternating or continuous currents; so you will observe that Mr. W. P. Dando is not the first to make a simple arrangement whereby the arc-light can be regulated by an ordinary limelight man."



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The final tie for the Association Cup takes place at Goodison Park, Liverpool, next Saturday. Never, perhaps, in the history of the game have two outsiders like Notts County and Bolton Wanderers reached the last stage of the competition. It is notorious that the best club of the season rarely or never wins the Association Cup. But if not the best, then the next best, or something pretty near it, is usually associated with the greatest honour of the year.

With all possible respect to Notts County and Bolton Wanderers, it can hardly be contended that they are anywhere near the best. The Notts Club is third in the Second Division of the League, and the Bolton Club third from the bottom of the First. As a rule, the final tie is looked forward to with feverish excitement, but the dismissal of all the best clubs from the competition has fairly knocked the bottom out of the interest in the final tie. It is difficult to explain why two second-rate clubs should have come to the top in the manner they have done. One reason is that scientific football is at a discount in Cup-ties; but perhaps the chief reason is that the majority of clubs are now on a greater equality than in past years. This season there is no club of the outstanding merit of, say, Sunderland last year, or Preston North End and Blackburn Rovers in the old days.

To attempt to prophesy as to the winner of next Saturday's match would be a vain proceeding; but a pretty safe rule is to back the non-favourite, which, in this instance, is Notts County.

Interest in the League has been suddenly revived through the fine form shown by Sunderland, together with a lamentable falling off in the play of Aston Villa. It would be a great achievement were Sunderland to come to the top with a rush in the last few matches. I hear that Hyslop, the ex-Guardsman, who recently joined Sunderland, is one of the best forwards in the club.

Nor in the Army Cup have the favourites reached the final. The 2nd Scots Guards were thrown out by the 2nd Black Watch, who will now have to meet Royal Artillery, Gosport, in the final. The Artillery are slight favourites.

There is nothing but finals and semi-finals being talked about. It is rather remarkable that in the semi-finals in the Lancashire Cup Everton beat Blackburn Rovers and Bolton Wanderers beat Accrington, both by penalty kicks. Nothing could be less satisfactory than to be thrown out of the competition by a penalty, and many and loud are the complaints that have been raised against the new penalty rule. In former years Blackburn Rovers have been blessed with more than their own share of luck in Cup-ties, but fortune has steadily set its face against the Rovers this season.

The Amateur Cup is not setting the Thames on fire, and it is to be feared that this competition may fizzle out, except something be done next season to save the teams from travelling from one end of the country to the other to play off the match. Two South of England teams have worked their way to the final stage. These are Casuals and Old Carthusians. The latter have come through the various stages with comparative ease, and their victory, should they achieve it, would be immensely popular. Charterhouse School has sent out more first-class footballers than any other public school.

A provisional team has been selected to represent England against Scotland at Glasgow next month. I don't like the team one little bit. The full-backs, Pelly and Crabtree, are probably the weakest men that they have had in the position for years. Turner has no earthly right to his place at half-back, and I doubt whether Bassett is the best man in England at right wing forward. It is true the critics are equally severe on the Scottish selection, and it may be that England has a chance after all. As the English team is still subject to revision, it is to be hoped that the committee will reconsider one or two of their selections, and that, especially, they will find a place for Kinsey, the Wolverhampton half-back.

It was as I said. Scotland to some extent retrieved the poor position she occupied in International matches this season by beating England's fifteen at Edinburgh by two tries to nil. The score by no means represents the state of the game, which almost from start to finish was in favour of Scotland. Beaten at all points, the English forwards were completely routed. Scotchmen say that they met the worst pack of English forwards that ever represented the rose. What will Yorkshiremen say to this when they reflect that they composed exactly half the pack?

With the forwards so well beaten, it was little wonder that the English backs did not show up, or, rather, they were shown up, but not in a manner that they would care to repeat. Wells, who is essentially an aggressive player, was a complete failure; the only men behind the scrummiage worth their salt were Firth and Byrne.

Every praise must be given to Scotland for the wonderful performance. Wotherspoon had his arm badly injured early in the game, and had to retire from the field for some time. When he returned he was practically of no use, and the whole back division had to be re-arranged. Boswell, the Scottish captain, scored both tries for his side, and otherwise played in a manner which stamps him as one of the greatest forwards we have ever seen. He is well up in years, and weighs close on sixteen stone, yet he lasted the game from start to finish.

Another feature of the game was the fine play of two Scottish schoolboys, both under eighteen years of age. Both bear names—

Neilson and McEwan—honoured in Scottish football. Neilson is a younger brother of the Cambridge captain, and appears to have all the family ability to play the game.

Although Scotland has won three out of the last four International matches against England, her victory this year is the first secured on Scottish soil for the last seventeen years. England still claims eight

victories as against Scotland's six. The result of the International matches leaves Ireland easily at the top of the tree with three victories. All the other nations are on an equality with one victory and two defeats.

The Croydon Football Club has just ended a remarkably successful season—a success due in a very large measure to the captaincy of G. Joyce, who was born at Kenley, near Croydon, in 1870. He has represented his county on more than one occasion, and there can hardly be any doubt that there are greater honours awaiting him in the near future. He is one of the hard-working type of forwards who never lose sight of the ball in the scrum, and he knows



Photo by Lord, Cambridge.

MR. G. JOYCE.

the exact moment when to break up and come away with the ball at his toe. He stands within an inch of six feet, and scales close on twelve stone, so that when he gets away he is a man who wants some stopping.

GOLF.

Quite a large number of North Berwick professional golfers have received appointments in England since last season. The only old hands left on the famous Scottish links are Davie Grant, Ben Sayers, and Tom Anderson.

THE WHITECHAPEL ROYAL ACADEMY.

The season of "taking watches" has commenced in Whitechapel—by which, I hasten to add, is meant that the fourteenth annual Fine Art Exhibition at Toynbee Hall has opened. Some of us recollect a humorous letter which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, signed "Bill Sykes," offering the services of "two or three handy lads who know where to stow the swag," *à propos* of a request for people willing to "take watches" at the exhibition which owes its origin to the happy thought of Canon Barnett, of St. Jude's, Commercial Street, E. In the Pickwickian sense, therefore, the phrase to "take a watch" implies readiness to act as curator of the art treasures temporarily housed in St. Jude's school-house.

A very fine collection is included in the 295 items, pleasantly annotated in the catalogue, and there were crowds of "living pictures" (quite protected from any infringement of copyright!) to assist at the inauguration of the exhibition on Tuesday evening, the 20th. Canon Barnett and Mrs. Barnett looked their happiest, and so did their assiduous helpers. The formal proceedings commenced with an interesting speech from the Warden of Toynbee Hall, who mentioned that the Prime Minister had opened the first exhibition and Professor Herkomer, R.A., the second of the series. They were all the more pleased that the former had again lent pictures (including portraits of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. John Morley), and the latter was now present to declare this exhibition open. Canon Barnett alluded to his new link with Bristol, happily emphasised by the generous loan of over sixty pictures by Mr. J. Dole, of that city. Professor Herkomer's pale, ascetic face, lighted by those glittering eyes which speak of the artist, was evidently not strange to the audience. He complimented them on having "at least four great works" in the rooms, spoke glowingly of "his master and guide," G. F. Watts, and proceeded to fulfil Canon Barnett's command to open the eyes of his auditors as to the beauties around them. "Eyes," said he, "were not meant to be mere lenses"; they should not look for a story in every picture. Professor Herkomer gave many happy appreciations of his contemporaries, and said he regarded Millais' "Carpenter's Shop" as the pivot of English art. This picture is in the exhibition, so his hearers had an opportunity of judging the points in the Professor's remarks. Speaking of artists in black-and-white, he said the danger was that they were becoming mere sketchers in this "tit-bitty" age, but not of this class were geniuses like the late Charles Keene and Phil May.